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Life of Lord Jeffrey; with a Selection from his Correspondence. By LORD COCKBURN, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 2 Vols. Edinburgh, 1852.

It was in the winter of 1786-7 that the poet Burns, a new prospect having been suddenly opened up to him by the kind intervention of Blacklock, and a few other influential men in Edinburgh, abandoned his desperate project of emigrating to the West Indies, and hastened to pay his first and memorable visit to the Scottish metropolis. During that winter, as all who are acquainted with his life know, the Ayrshire ploughman, then in his twenty-ninth year, was the lion of Edinburgh society. Lord Monboddo, Dugald Stewart, Harry Erskine, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Hugh Blair, Henry Mackenzie, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Black, Dr. Adam Ferguson—such were the names then most conspicuous in the literary capital of North Britain; and it was in the company of these men, alternated with that of the Creeches, the Smellies, the Willie Nicols, and other contemporary Edinburgh celebrities of a lower grade, that Burns first realized the fact that he was no mere bard of local note, but a new power and magnate in Scottish literature.

To those who are alive to the poetry of coincidences, two anecdotes connected with this residence of Burns in Edinburgh will always be specially interesting. What reader of Lockhart's *Life of Scott* is there who does not remember the account there given of Scott's first and only interview with Burns? As the story is now more minutely told in Mr. Robert Chambers' *Life of Burns*, Scott, who was then a lad of seventeen, just removed from the High School to a desk in his father's office, was invited by his friend and companion, the son of Dr. Ferguson, to accompany him to his father's house on an evening when Burns was to be there. The two youngsters entered the room, sat down unnoticed by their seniors, and looked on and listened in modest silence. Burns, when he came in, seemed a little out of his element, and, instead of mingling at once with the company, kept going about the room, looking at the pictures on the walls. One print particularly arrested his attention. It represented a soldier lying dead among the snow, his dog on one side, and a woman with a child in her arms on the other. Underneath the print were some lines of verse descriptive of the subject, which Burns read aloud with a voice faltering with emotion. A little while after, turning to the company and pointing to the print, he asked if any one could tell him who was the author of the lines. No one chanced to know, excepting Scott, who remembered that they were from an obscure poem of Langhorne's. The information, whispered by Scott to some one near, was repeated to Burns, who, after asking a little more about the matter, rewarded his young informant with a look of kindly interest, and the words, (Sir Adam Ferguson reports them,) "You'll be a man yet, sir." Such is the one story, the story of the "literary ordination," as Mr. Chambers well calls it, of

Scott by Burns—a scene which we think Sir William Allan would have delighted to paint. The other story, we believe, is now told for the first time by Lord Cockburn. Somewhere about the very day on which the foregoing incident happened, "a little black creature" of a boy, we are told, who was going up the High Street of Edinburgh, and staring diligently about him, was attracted by the appearance of a man whom he saw standing on the pavement. He was taking a good and leisurely view of the object of his curiosity, when some one standing at a shop-door tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Ay, laddie, ye may weel look at that man! that's Robert Burns." The "little black creature," thus early addicted to criticism, was Francis Jeffrey, the junior of Scott by four years, and exactly four years behind him in the classes of the High School, where he was known as a clever, nervous little fellow, who never lost a place without crying. It is mentioned as a curious fact by Lord Cockburn, that Jeffrey's first teacher at the High School, a Mr. Luke Fraser, had the singular good fortune of sending forth, from three successive classes of four years each, three pupils no less distinguished than Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Brougham.

It is not for the mere purpose of anecdote that we cite these names and coincidences. We should like very much to make out for Scotland in general as suggestive a series of her intellectual representatives as Lord Cockburn has here made out for part of the pedagogic era of the worthy and long dead Mr. Luke Fraser. Confining our regards to the eighteenth century, the preceding paragraphs enable us to group together at least three conspicuous Scottish names as belonging, by right of birth, to the third quarter of that century—Burns, born in Ayrshire, in 1759; Scott, born in Edinburgh in 1769; and Jeffrey, born in the same place in 1773. Supposing we go a little further back for some other prominent Scottish names of the same century, the readiest to occur to the memory will be those of James Thomson, the poet, born in Roxburgshire in 1700; Thomas Reid, the philosopher, born near Aberdeen in 1710; David Hume, born at Edinburgh in 1711; Robertson, the historian, born in Mid-Lothian in 1721; Tobias Smollett, the novelist, born at Cardross in the same year; Adam Smith, born in Kirkcaldy in 1723; Robert Ferguson, the Scottish poet, born in Edinburgh in 1750; and Dugald Stewart, born at Edinburgh in 1753. And, if for a similar purpose, we come down to the last quarter of the century, five names at least will be sure to occur to us, in addition to that of Brougham—Thomas Campbell, born at Glasgow in 1777; Thomas Chalmers, born at Anstruther, in Fifeshire, in 1780; John Wilson, born, if we may trust our authorities, at Paisley in 1789; Thomas Carlyle, born at Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire in 1795; and Sir William Hamilton, born at Edinburgh before the close of the century. In this list we omit the distinguished contemporary Scottish names in physical science; we ought not, however, to omit the names of Sir James Mackintosh, born near Inverness in 1765, and James Mill, born at Montrose in 1773. The

short life of Burns, if we choose him as the central figure of the group, connects together all these names. The oldest of them was in the prime of life when Burns was born, and the youngest of them had seen the light before Burns died.

On glancing in order along this series of eminent Scotchmen born in the eighteenth century, it will be seen that they may be roughly distributed into two nearly equal classes—men of philosophic intellect, devoted to the work of general speculation, or thought as such; and men of literary or poetic genius, whose works belong more properly to the category of pure literary or artistic effort. In the one class may be ranked Reid, Hume, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, Mackintosh, Mill, Chalmers, and Sir William Hamilton; in the other, Thomson, Smollett, Robertson, Fergusson, Burns, Scott, Jeffrey, Campbell, Wilson, Irving, and Carlyle. Do not let us be mistaken. In using the phrases "philosophic intellect" and "literary genius," to denote the distinction referred to, we do not imply anything of accurate discrimination between the phrases themselves. For aught that we care, the phrases may be reversed, and the men of the one class may be styled men of philosophic genius, and those of the other, men of literary habit and intellect. If we prefer to follow the popular usage in our application of the terms, it is not with any intention of making out for the one class, by the appropriation to it of the peculiar term "genius," a certificate of a higher kind of excellence than belongs to the other. Even according to the popular acceptance of the term, several of those whom we have included in the literary category—as, for example, Robertson, must be denied the title of men of genius; while, according to no endurable definition of the term, could the title of men of genius be refused to such men as Adam Smith, or Chalmers, or Hamilton. Nor, even when thus explained, will our classification bear any very rigid scrutiny. By a considerable portion of what may be called the fundamental or unapparent half of his genius, Carlyle belongs to the class of speculative thinkers; while, on the other hand, the case of Chalmers is one in which the thinking or speculative faculty, which certainly belonged to him, was surcharged and deluged by such a constant flood from the feelings that, instead of ranking him with the thinkers as above, we might, with equal or greater propriety, transpose him to the other side, or even name him on both sides. His thinking faculty, which was what he himself set most store by, was so beset and begirt by his other and more active dispositions, that, instead of working on and on through any resisting medium with iron continuity, it discharged itself almost invariably, as soon as it touched a subject, in large proximate generalizations. On the whole, then, instead of the foregoing classification of eminent Scotchmen into men of speculation and men of general literature, one might adopt as equally serviceable a less formal classification which the common satirical talk respecting Scotchmen will suggest. The hard, cool, logical Scotchman—such is the stereotyped phrase in which Englishmen describe the natives of North Britain. There is a sufficient amount of true perception in the phrase to justify its use; but the appreciation it involves reaches only to the surface. The well-known phrase, *perferendum ingenium Scotorum*, used, Buchanan tells us, centuries ago on the continent to express the idea of the Scottish character then universally current and founded on

a large induction of instances, is, in reality, far nearer to the fact. Without maintaining at present that *all* Scotchmen are perfervid—that Scotchmen in general are, as we have seen it ingeniously argued, not cool, calculating, and cautious, but positively rash, fanatical, and tempestuous; it will be enough to refer to the instances which prove at least that *some* Scotchmen have this character. The thing may be expressed thus:—On referring to the actual list of Scotchmen who have attained eminence by their writings or speeches in this or the last century, two types may be distinguished, in one or the other of which the Scottish mind seems necessarily to cast itself—an intellectual type specifically Scottish, but Scottish only in the sense that it is the type which cultured Scottish minds assume when they devote themselves to the work of specific investigation; and a more popular type, characterizing those Scotchmen who, instead of pursuing the work of specific investigation, follow a career calling forth all the resources of Scottish sentiment. Scotchmen of the first or more recondite and formal type are Reid, Smith, Hume, Mill, Mackintosh, and Hamilton, in all of whom, notwithstanding their differences, we see that tendency towards metaphysical speculation for which the Scottish mind has become celebrated; Scotchmen of the other or popular type, partaking of the metaphysical tendency or not, but drawing their essential inspiration from the sentimental depths of the national character, are Burns, Scott, Chalmers, Irving, and Carlyle. However we may choose to express it, the fact of this two-fold forthgoing of the Scottish mind, either in the scholastic and logical direction marked out by one series of eminent predecessors, or in the popular and literary direction marked out by another series of eminent predecessors, cannot be denied.

After all, however, (for we cannot yet leave this topic,) there is, classify and distinguish as we may, a remarkable degree of homogeneity among Scotchmen. The people of North Britain are more homogeneous—have decidedly a more visible basis of common character—than the people of South Britain. A Scotchman may indeed be almost anything that is possible in this world; he may be a saint or a debauchee, a Christian or a sceptic, a spendthrift or a usurer, a soldier or a statesman, a poet or a statistician, a fool or a man of genius, clear-headed or confused-headed, a Thomas Chalmers or a Joseph Hume, a dry man of mere secular facts, or a man through whose mind there roll forever the stars and all mysteries. Still, under every possible form of mental combination or activity, there will be found in every Scotchman something distinguishable as his birth-quality or *Scotticism*. And what is this *Scotticism* of Scotchmen—this ineradicable, universally-combinable element of peculiarity, breathed into the Scottish soul by those conditions of nature and of life which inhere in or hover over the area of Scottish earth, and which are repeated in the same precise *ensemble* nowhere else? Comes it from the hills, or the moors, or the mists, or any of those other features of scenery and climate which distinguish bleak and rugged Scotland from green and fertile England? In part, doubtless, from these, as from all else that is Scottish. But there are hills, and moors, and mists where Scotchmen are not bred; and it is rather in the long series of the memorable things that have been done on the Scottish hills and moors—the acts which the retrospective eye sees flashing through the old Scottish mists, that

one is to seek the origin and explanation of whatever Scottishism is. Now, as compared with England at least, that which has come down to the natives of Scotland as something peculiar, generated by the series of past transactions of which their country has been the scene, is an intense spirit of nationality.

No nation in the world is more factitious than the Scotch—more composite as regards the materials out of which it has been constructed. If in England there have been Britons, Celts, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, in Scotland there have been Celts, Britons, Romans, Norwegians, Danes, Anglo-Saxons, and Normans. The only difference of any consequence in this respect probably is, that whereas in England the Celtic element is derived chiefly from the British or Welsh, and the Teutonic element chiefly from the Continental-German source, in Scotland the Gaels have furnished most of the Celtic, and the Scandinavian Germans most of the Teutonic element. Nor, if we regard the agencies that have acted intellectually on the two nations, shall we find Scotland to have been less notably affected from without than England. To mention only one circumstance, the Reformation in Scotland was marked by a much more decided importation of new modes of thinking and new social forms than the Reformation in the sister country. But though quite as factitious, therefore, as the English nation, the Scottish, by reason of its very smallness, for one thing, has always possessed a more intense consciousness of its nationality, and a greater liability to be acted upon throughout its whole substance by a common thought or common feeling. Even as late as the year 1707, the entire population of Scotland did not exceed one million of individuals; and if, going farther back, we fancy this small nation placed on the frontier of one so much larger, and obliged continually to defend itself against the attacks of so powerful a neighbor, we can have no difficulty in conceiving how, in the smaller nation, the feeling of a central life would be sooner developed and kept more continuously active. The sentiment of nationality is essentially negative; it is the sentiment of a people which has been taught to recognize its own individuality by incessantly marking the line of exclusion between itself and others. Almost all the great movements of Scotland, as a nation, have accordingly been of a negative character, that is, movements of self-defence—the War of National Independence against the Edwards; the Non-Episcopal struggle in the reigns of the Charleses; and even the Non-Intrusion controversy of later times. The very motto of Scotland, as a nation, is negative—*Nemo me impune lacesset*. It is different with England. There have of course been negative movements in England too, but these have been movements of one faction or part of the English people against another; and the activity of the English nation, as a whole, has consisted, not in preserving its own individuality from external attack, but in fully and genially evolving the various elements which it finds within itself, or in powerful positive exertions of its strength upon what lies outside it.

The first and most natural form of what we have called the Scottishism of Scotchmen, that is, of the peculiarity which differences them from people of other countries, and more expressly from Englishmen, is this *amor patriæ*, this inordinate intensity of national feeling. There are very few Scotchmen who, whatever they may pretend, are devoid of

this pride of being Scotchmen. Penetrate to the heart of any Scotchman, even the most Anglified, or the most philosophic that can be found, and there will certainly be found a remnant in it of loving regard for the little land that lies north of the Tweed. And what eminent Scotchman can be named in whose constitution a larger or smaller proportion of the *amor Scotiæ* has not been visible? In some of the foremost of such men, as Burns, Scott, and Wilson, this *amor Scotiæ* has even been present as a confessed ingredient of their genius—a sentiment determining, to a great extent, the style and matter of all that they have written or attempted.

The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded bear—
I turned the weeding-heuk aside,
And spared the symbol dear.
No nation, no station
My envy e'er could raise—
A Scott still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

In reading the writings of such men, one is perpetually reminded, in the most direct manner, that these writings are to be regarded as belonging to a strictly national literature. But even in those Scotchmen in the determination of whose intellectual efforts the *amor Scotiæ* has acted no such obvious and ostensible part, the presence of some mental reference to, or intermittent communication of sentiment with, the land of their birth, is almost sure to be detected. The speculations of Reid and Hume and Adam Smith, and, in some degree, also, those of Chalmers, were in subjects interesting not to Scotchmen alone, but to the human race as such; and yet, precisely as these men enunciated their generalities intended for the whole world in good broad Scotch, so had they all, after their different ways, a genuine Scottish relish for Scottish humors, jokes, and antiquities. The same thing is true of Carlyle, a power as he is recognized to be not in Scottish only, but in all British literature. Even James Mill, who, more than most Scotchmen, succeeded in conforming, both in speech and in writing, to English habits and requirements, relapsed into a Scotchman when he listened to a Scottish song, or told a Scottish anecdote. But perhaps the most interesting example of the appearance of an intense *amor Scotiæ*, where, from the nature of the case, it could have been least expected, is afforded by the writings of Sir William Hamilton. If there is a man now alive conspicuous among his contemporaries for the exercise on the most magnificent scale of an intellect the most pure and abstract, that man is Sir William; and yet, not even when discussing the philosophy of the unconditioned or perfecting the theory of syllogism which is universal, does Sir William forget his Scottish lineage. With what glee, in his notes, or in stray passages in his dissertations themselves, does he seize every opportunity of adding to the proofs that speculation in general has been largely affected by the stream of specific Scottish thought—quoting, for example, the saying of Scaliger, "*Les Écossais sont bons Philosophes*," or dwelling on the fact that at one time almost every continental university had a Scottish professorship of philosophy, specially so named; or reviving the memories of defunct Balfours, and Duncans, and Chalmerses, and Dalgarnos, and other "*Scoti extra Scotiam agentes*" of other centuries; or startling his readers with such genealogical facts as that Immanuel Kant and Sir Isaac

Newton had Scottish grandfathers, and that the celebrated French metaphysician, Destutt Tracy, was, in reality, but a transmogrified Scotchman of the name of Scott! We know nothing more refreshing than such evidences of strong national feeling in such a man. It is the Scottish Stagirate not ashamed of the bonnet and plaid; it is the philosopher in whose veins flows the blood of a Covenanter.

Even now, when Scotchmen, their native country having been so long merged in the higher unity of Great Britain, labor altogether in the interest of this higher unity, and forget or set aside the smaller, they are still liable to be affected characteristically in all that they do by the consciousness that they are Scotchmen. This will be found true whether we regard those Scotchmen who work side by side with Englishmen in the conduct of British public affairs or British commerce, or those Scotchmen who vie with Englishmen in the walks of British authorship and literature. In either case the Scotchman is distinguished from the Englishman by this, that he carries the consciousness of his nationality about with him. Were he, indeed, disposed to forget it, the banter on the subject to which he is perpetually exposed in the society of his English friends and acquaintances, would serve to keep him in mind of it. It is the same now with the individual Scotchman cast among Englishmen as it was with the Scottish nation when it had to defend its frontier against the English armies. He is in the position of a smaller body placed in contact with a larger one, and rendered more intensely conscious of his individuality by the constant necessity of asserting it. But this self-assertion of a Scotchman among Englishmen, this constant feeling "I am a Scotchman," rests, like the feeling of nationality itself, on a prior assertion of what is in fact a negative. For a Scotchman to be always thinking "I am a Scotchman," is, in the circumstances now under view, tantamount to always thinking "I am *not* an Englishman." The Englishman, on the other hand, has no corresponding feeling. As a member of the large body, whose corporate activity has always, from the very circumstance of its being the larger, been positive rather than negative, the Englishman simply acts out harmoniously his English instincts and tendencies, the feeling of not being a Scotchman, never (except in the case of a stray Englishman located in Scotland) either spontaneously remaining in his mind, or being roused in it by banter. The Scotchman, in short, who works in the general field of British activity, has his thoughts conditioned, to some extent at least, by the negative of not being an Englishman; the Englishman thinks under no such limitation.

And this leads us to a definition more essential and intimate of the peculiarity of Scottish as compared with English thought. The rudest and most natural form of what we have called the Scotticism of Scotchmen, consists, we have hitherto been saying, in simple consciousness of nationality, simple *amor Scotiæ*, or, under mere restricted circumstances, the simple feeling of not being an Englishman. There are some Scotchmen, however, in whom this first and most natural form of Scotticism is not very well pronounced, and who are either emancipated from it, or think that they are. We know not a few Scottish minds who have really succeeded in transferring their enthusiastic regards from Scotland as such to the higher unity of Great Britain—men, who, sometimes speaking

in their own Scottish accent, sometimes in an accent almost purely English, find the objects of their solicitude and admiration, not in the land lying north of the Tweed, but rather in England—its rich green parks and fields, its broad ecclesiastical hierarchy, its noble halls of learning, its majestic and varied literature, the full and generous character of its manly people. We know Scotchmen whose sentiment is more deeply stirred by Shakspeare's famous apostrophe to "this England," than by Scott's to the land of brown heath and shaggy wood. And as Scotland and England are incorporated, such men are and must be on the increase. But even they shall not escape. If their native quality of Scotticism does not survive in them in the more palpable and open form of mere national feeling, mere *amor Scotiæ*, it survives, nevertheless, in an intellectual habit, having the same root, and as indestructible. And what is this habit? The popular charges of dogmatism, opinionativeness, pugnacity, and the like, brought against Scotchmen by Englishmen, are so many approximations to a definition of it. For our part, we should say that the special habit or peculiarity which distinguishes the intellectual manifestations of Scotchmen—that, in short, in which the Scotticism of Scotchmen most intimately consists—is the habit of *emphasis*. All Scotchmen are emphatic. If a Scotchman is a fool, he gives such emphasis to the nonsense he utters as to be infinitely more insufferable than a fool of any other country; if a Scotchman is a man of genius, he gives such emphasis to the good things he has to communicate, that they have a supremely good chance of being at once or very soon attended to. This habit of emphasis, we believe, is exactly that *perferendum ingenium Scotorum* which used to be remarked some centuries ago, wherever Scotchmen were known. But emphasis is perhaps a better word than fervor. Many Scotchmen are fervid too, but not all; but all, absolutely all, are emphatic. No one will call Joseph Hume a fervid man, but he is certainly emphatic. And so with David Aume, or Reid, or Adam Smith, or any of those colder-natured Scotchmen of whom we have spoken; fervor cannot be predicated of them, but they had plenty of emphasis. In men like Burns, or Chalmers, or Irving, on the other hand, there was both emphasis and fervor; so also with Carlyle; and so, under a still more curious combination, with Sir William Hamilton. And as we distinguish emphasis from fervor, so would we distinguish it from perseverance. Scotchmen are said to be persevering, but the saying is not universally true; Scotchmen are or are not morally persevering, but all Scotchmen are intellectually emphatic. Emphasis, we repeat, intellectual emphasis—the habit of laying stress on certain things rather than coördinating all—in this consists what is essential in the Scotticism of Scotchmen. And, as this observation is empirically verified by the very manner in which Scotchmen enunciate their words in ordinary talk, so it might be deduced scientifically from what we have already said regarding the nature and effects of the feeling of nationality. The habit of thinking emphatically is a necessary result of thinking much in the presence of, and in resistance to, a negative; it is the habit of a people that has been accustomed to act on the defensive, rather than of a people peacefully self-evolved and accustomed to act positively; it is the habit of Protestantism rather than of Catholicism, of Presbyterianism rather than of

Episcopacy, of Dissent rather than of Conformity.

The greatest effects which the Scottish mind has yet produced on the world—and these effects, by the confession of Englishmen themselves, have not been small—have been the results, in part at least, of this national habit of emphasis. Until towards the close of last century, the special department of labor in which Scotchmen had, to any great extent, exerted themselves so as to make a figure in the general intellectual world, was the department of Philosophy—Metaphysical and Dialectic. Their triumphs in this department are historical. What is called the Scottish Philosophy, constitutes, in the eyes of all who know anything of history, a most important stage in the intellectual evolution of modern times. From the time of those old Duncans, and Balfours, and Dalgarnos, mentioned by Sir William Hamilton, who discoursed on philosophy, and wrote dialectical treatises in Latin in all the cities of the continent, down to our own days, we can point to a succession of Scottish thinkers in whom the interest in metaphysical studies was kept alive, and by whose labors new contributions to mental science were continually being made. It was by the Scottish mind, in fact, that the modern philosophy was conducted to that point where Kant and the Germans took it up. The qualifications of the Scottish mind for this task were, doubtless, various. Perhaps there was something in that special combination of the Celtic and the Scandinavian out of which the Scottish nation, for the most part, took its rise, to produce an aptitude for dialectical exercises. Nay, further, it would not be altogether fanciful to suppose that those very national struggles of the Scotch in the course of which they acquired so strong a sense of their national individuality, that is, of the distinction between all that was Scotch, and all that was not Scotch, served, in a rough way, to facilitate to all Scotchmen that fundamental idea of the distinction between the *Ego* and the *Non-Ego*, the clear and rigorous apprehension of which is the first step in philosophy, and the one test of the philosopher. But, in a still more important degree, we hold the success of the Scottish mind in philosophy to have been the result of the national habit of intellectual emphasis. A Scotchman, when he thinks, cannot, so easily and comfortably as the Englishman, repose on an upper level of propositions coördinated for him by tradition, sweet feeling, and pleasant circumstances; that necessity of his nature which leads him to emphasize certain things rather than to take all things together in their established coördination, drives him down and still down in search of certain generalities whereon he may see that all can be built. It was this habit of emphasis, this inability to rest on a level of sweetly-composed experience, that led Hume to scepticism; it was the same habit, the same inability, conjoined, however, with more of faith and reverence, that led Reid to lay down, in the chasm of Hume's scepticism, certain blocks of ultimate propositions or principles, capable of being individually enumerated, and yet, as he thought, forming a sufficient basement for all that men think or believe. And the same tendency is visible among Scotchmen now. It amazes Scotchmen to see on what proximate propositions even Englishmen who are celebrated as thinkers can rest, and how little the best of

them, such as Whewell, Maurice, Hare, Henry Taylor, and some others, seem to feel the necessity of persisting towards first principles. The essays of Henry Taylor and of Arthur Helps are, in this respect, most characteristically English. As writings, they are most sweet, solid and soothing; and yet there is many a Scotchman with not half the intellect of either of the writers, to whom, by reason of his native tendency to seek for the emphatic, they would appear almost shallow. So, also, with that much praised old English book, Browne's *Religio Medici*, and with many other old English prose writings. The truth is that, if Scotchmen have, so far, a source of superiority over Englishmen in their habit of dwelling only on the emphatic, they have also in this same habit a source of inferiority. Quietism, mysticism, that soft meditative disposition which takes things for granted in the coördination established by mere life and usage, pouring into the confusion thus externally given the rich oil of an abounding inner joy, interpenetrating all and harmonizing all—these are, for the most part, alien to the Scotchman. No, his walk, as a thinker, is not by the meadows, and the wheat-fields, and the green lanes, and the ivy-clad parish churches where all is gentle, and antique, and fertile, but by the bleak sea-shore which parts the certain from the limitless, where there is doubt in the sea-mew's shriek, and where it is well if, in the advancing tide, he can find footing on a rock among the tangle! But this very tendency of his towards what is intellectually extreme, injures his sense of proportion in what is concrete and actual; and hence it is that when he leaves the field of abstract thought, and betakes himself to creative literature, he produces nothing comparable in fulness, wealth, and harmoniousness to the imaginations of a Chaucer or a Shakespeare. The highest genius, indeed, involves also the capability of the intellectual extreme; and, accordingly, in the writings of those great Englishmen, as well as in those of the living English poet Tennyson, there are strokes in abundance of that pure intellectual emphasis in which the Scotchman delights; but then there is also with them such a genial acceptance of all things, great or small, in their established coördination, that the flashes of emphasis are as if they came not from a battle done on an open moor, but from a battle transacting itself in the depths of a forest. Among Scottish thinkers, Mackintosh is the one that approaches nearest to the English model—a circumstance which may be accounted for by the fact that much of what he did consisted, from the necessities of the object-matter of his speculations, in judicious compromise.

But even in the field of literature we will not abandon the Scotchman. His habit of emphasis has here enabled him to do good service too. His entry on this field, however, was later than his entry on the field of philosophy. True, there had been, contemporary with the Scottish philosophers, or even anterior to them, Scottish poets and general prose writers of note—Dunbar, Gawin Douglas, King James, Buchanan, Sir David Lindsay, Henderson, Sir George Mackenzie, Allan Ramsay, and the like. True, also, in those snatches of popular ballad and song which came down from generation to generation in Scotland, many of them written by no one knew who, and almost all of them overflowing with either humor or melancholy, there was at once a fountain and a promise of an ex-

quisite national literature. We could think of old Nicol Burn, the violer, till our eyes filled with tears.

But minstrel Burn cannot assuage
His woes while time endureth,
To see the changes of this age
Which fleeting time procureth.
Full many a place stands in hard case
Where joy was wont beforrow,
With Humes that dwelt on Leader side,
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow.

There was literature in the times when such old strains were sung. But the true avatar of the Scottish mind in modern literature, came later than the manifestation of the same mind in philosophy. Were we to fix a precise date for it, we should name the period of Burns' first visit to Edinburgh, and familiar meetings with the men of literary talent and distinction then assembled there. Edinburgh was, indeed, even then, a literary capital, boasting of its Monboddos, and Stewarts, and Robertsons, and Blairs, and Mackenzies, and Gregories—men who had already begun the race of literary rivalry with their contemporaries south of the Tweed. But, so far as the literary excellence of these men did not depend on their participation in that tendency to abstract thinking, which had already produced its special fruit in the Scottish Philosophy, it consisted in little more than a reflection or imitation of what was already common and acknowledged in the prior or contemporary literature of South Britain. To write essays such as those of the *Spectator*; to be master of a style which Englishmen should pronounce pure, and to produce compositions in that style worthy of being ranked with the compositions of English authors—such was the aim and aspiration of Edinburgh literati, between whom and their London cousins there was all the difference that there is between the latitude of Edinburgh and the latitude of London, between the daily use of the broad Scotch dialect, and the daily use of the classic English. For Scotland this mere imitation of English models was but a poor and unsatisfactory vein of literary enterprise. What was necessary was the appearance of some man of genius who should flash through all that, and who, by the application to literature, or the art of universal expression, of that same Scottish habit of emphasis which had already produced such striking and original results in philosophy, should teach the Scottish nation its true power in literature, and show a first example of it. Such a man was Burns. He it was who, uniting emotional fervor with intellectual emphasis, and drawing his inspiration from all those depths of sentiment in the Scottish people which his predecessors, the philosophers, had hardly so much as touched, struck for the first time a new chord, and revealed for the first time what a Scottish writer could do by trusting to the whole wealth of Scottish resources. And from the time of Burns, accordingly, there has been a series of eminent literary Scotchmen quite different from that series of hard logical Scotchmen who had till then been the most conspicuous representatives of their country in the eyes of the reading public of Great Britain—a series of Scotchmen displaying to the world the power of emphatic sentiment and emphatic expression as strikingly as their predecessors had displayed the power of emphatic reasoning. While the old philosophic energy of Scotland still remained unexhausted, the honors of Reid and Hume and Smith and Stewart passing

on to such men as Brown and Mill and Mackintosh and Hamilton (in favor of the last of whom even Germany has resigned her philosophic interregnum), the specially literary energy which had been awakened in the country descended along another line in the persons of Scott, and Jeffrey, and Chalmers, and Campbell, and Wilson, and Carlyle. Considering the amount of influence exerted by such men upon the whole spirit and substance of British literature—considering how disproportionate a share of the whole literary produce of Great Britain in the nineteenth century has come either from them or from other Scotchmen—and considering what a stamp of peculiarity marks all that portion of this produce which is of Scottish origin, it does not seem too much to say, that the rise and growth of Scottish Literature is as notable a historical phenomenon as the rise and growth of the Scottish Philosophy. And considering, moreover, how lately Scotland has entered on this literary field, how little time she has had to display her powers, how recently she was in this respect savage, and how much of her savage vitality yet remains to be articulated in civilized books, may we not hope that her literary avatar is but beginning, and has a goodly course yet to run? From the Solway to Caithness we hear a loud Amen!

From the Edinburgh New Phil. Journal.

*On the Physical Geography, Geology, and Commercial Resources of Lake Superior.** By J. J. BIGSBY, M. D., late British Secretary to the Canadian Boundary Commission, &c. Communicated by the Author.†

1. Physical Geography.

LAKE Superior is included between W. longitude 84° 18' and 92° 19'—and N. latitude 46° 29'—49° 1'. It is to the east of, and near to, the swell of high land which, stretching from the Rocky Mountains to Lake Superior, in wide undulating plains, divides the waters of the Mexican Gulf from those of Hudson's Bay;—and, then, bifurcating, one fork proceeds on the north side of Lake Superior eastward towards Labrador, in groups of broken hills, while the other fork passes south-east as a rough and high country into the lowlands of the United States. It therefore occupies an oblong crescent-shaped hollow, with a general direction rather to the north of east. It has literally thousands of lakes on its north, and hundreds on its immediate south. It is 1650 miles round, 420 miles long, and 163 in extreme breadth. It is 597 feet above the Atlantic. Its greatest known depth is 792 feet. Soundings of 300, 400, 600 feet are common; but extensive shallows and flats prevail in parts.

The hydrographic basin of Lake Superior is singularly small, particularly on the south shore, where the tributaries of the River Mississippi and Lake Michigan often approach within 5 and 10 miles of the lake. It seems to be its own fountain-head.

The water is clear, greenish, extremely pure,

* The statements in this communication are partly derived from the able reports and charts of Messrs. Bayfield, Logan, Foster, Owen, and others in the service of the governments of Great Britain and the United States. Dr. Bigsby's own researches on the northern shores of the Lake, for 440 miles, having supplied the remainder.

† Read in the Royal Institution.

pleasant to the taste, and soft from the nearly total absence of limestone from these regions. An imperial pint only contains $\frac{1}{50,000}$ th part of a grain of mineral matters—carbonates of lime and magnesia, sulphate of lime, peroxide of iron, and the oxide of manganese.

The average annual temperature of the water is 40° F.; being about the same as that of the ocean at certain great depths. In June the lake is often covered with ice; and in the middle of July the surface-water freezes in the morning—with patches of snow in the clefts of the rocks. At this period of the year, or a few days later, the smaller lakes on the north are steadily at 72° and 74° F.

Lake Superior is not undergoing secular drainage. It is lowest in April, and highest by a few feet in September. The great annual variations of rain of these countries produce corresponding changes of level. There are no tides, and no cycle of years for lake-levels.

Barometric changes produce curious local oscillations of level. Thus the furious rapids, called the Falls of St. Mary, on the river of discharge so named, are sometimes left dry. Messrs. Foster and Whitney have seen the oscillation come from the centre of the lake in a wave 20 feet high—curling over like an immense surge, crested with foam, and breaking on the shore, diminishing as it approached it. On this occasion (Aug. 1845) it was the harbinger of a violent storm.*

The amount of water leaving the lake is small; for its outlet is often shallow, and the current weak.

The *Climate* is more arctic than temperate, although the lake is but little to the north of Milan. It is much colder than Sikla, in Russian America, 10° further north; because the latter is screened from polar winds. Winter begins in the middle of October by a succession of gales and snow-storms; and from November till May the ground is covered with close-packed, granular snow; but the earth is not frozen deep, so that, in spring, before all the snow is gone, the forest is in leaf. The annual range of the thermometer is 125° F.; the mean 42° 14' F.; the lower extreme—31°, the higher 94°; all these observations having been made by good observers, with excellent instruments. August is the hottest month.

On a mean of twelve years, the winds blow about equally from all quarters; from the NW. the most frequently—from the south the least frequently.

The scenery of Lake Superior is striking;—its features are large and open (of which an example was shown in a Sketch of the East Coast.) The eye ranges over high lands and shoreless waters. The scanty and dwarfed woods of the north coast, the rocks, isles, and rivers full of cascades, have an impress of their own—not warm, soft and umbrageous, like those of Lake Erie; but rugged, bare, and chill—arctic. The scene is oceanic—the waves are large and high. Some of the plants, the *Lathyrus maritimus* and the *Polygonum maritimum*, for instance, on the beaches, and many of the insects disporting about, are those of the distant Atlantic.

In winter, Lake Superior might be called the

* A violent gale of wind, concurring with a local rise of level, will sometimes throw large stones or logs of wood 150 to 200 yards inland, and 30 to 40 feet above the usual water margin—as in three instances seen by Prof. Agassiz (L. Superior, pp. 95 and 106), and by Dr. Bigsby (Jour. Roy. Inst. xviii. 15).

“Dead Sea;” every living thing is gone, save the shivering inhabitants of some few white settlements. The Indian and the wild animals have retreated to the warm woods far away; and the sun looks down, from a bright blue sky, on the leaden waters, now narrowed by huge fields of ice—a small dark speck on an almost illimitable expanse of snow.

On the south shore, there are in the extreme east, high terraces and treeless plains of blown sand for many miles inland and along shore, succeeded by the high sandstone precipices, called the Pictured Rocks, battered into fanciful shapes by the violence of the waves. Then comes a low rocky coast for 300 miles or more, backed by dense forests, often mountainous, as at the Huron, Bohemian, and Porcupine Mountains. The scene is dark with the verdure of northern evergreens, and is here and there diversified with small clearings, and the smoke of distant mines ascending among the uplands. The bays are often deep, full of little iron-stained streams; and the promontories stretch for miles into the lake.

The eastern and northern shores are different—more naked, steeper, ever abounding in dome-shaped hills, or in ridges, rising by steps, scantily covered with trees either stunted or scorched with fire. (Large sketches were exhibited representing the lofty basaltic country about Fort William, and the softer hill-scenery of Black Bay.)

With the exception of the Fur trading stations, there are no white settlements on the north shore; and this from its general barrenness. At the Peak River, soil was imported in bags with which to raise a few potatoes.

The *Fauna* and *Flora* of Lake Superior are semi-arctic, or subalpine. Professor Agassiz has treated of both in his late valuable publication on this lake. He found twenty-three new species of fish, and states that Lake Superior constitutes a special ichthyological district. The reason of this evidently lies in the coldness and extreme purity of the water, its slow departure towards the ocean, and the absence of weedy bays and of lime rocks.

It would seem that some portion of its animal life are waifs and strays from grand geological periods long passed away—as we see in its herings, minnows, and the new genus *Percopsis*. Connected with this subject, Prof. Agassiz conjectures that much of North America was dry land when the rest of the world was under water; and that thus its physical condition was less altered than elsewhere. Dr. Bigsby was inclined to believe this; for had Canada been as long under water as other large tracts, we should probably have had, in some part of its vast extent, a member or two, at least, of the mesozoic rocks; but there is no such thing—not a single relic of lias, oolite, or chalk, in the extraordinary heaps of debris which overspread these countries.

II. Geology.

The rocks of Lake Superior have been arranged under three principal heads, as follows:—

1. The *Metamorphic*.—Greenstone, chloritic, talcose, clay, and greenstone slates, gneiss, quartzite, jasper, rock and saccharoid limestone.
2. The *Aqueous*.—Calcareous sandstone, Cambrian sandstone, and conglomerates.
3. The *Igneous*.—Granite, Syenite, Trap in various states.

The place and extent of these rocks having been pointed out on a map, Dr. Bigsby stated that the geological system of Lake Superior is a consistent and closely connected whole, forming a beautiful and easily read example of geological action in moulding the surface of our globe.

The lake may best be presented at once to the mind as a trough or basin of Cambrian (or Silurian) sandstone, surrounded and framed, as it were, by two orders of rocks, in the form of irregular and imperfect zones; the inner consisting of trap, with its conglomerates; and the outer, of metamorphic, flanking igneous rocks.

1. The *Metamorphic* rocks, with the exception of quartzite and jasper, are the oldest in the lake, and support great sheets of the above-mentioned sandstone unconformably; all these rocks being upheaved and altered by the intrusion of igneous rocks in instances innumerable. This group of rocks is entirely destitute of the traces of animal life.

The country they occupy on the south shore, with a general NNW. dip, may be best described as a rough table land of the various slates, out of which short hills of granite, gneiss, trap, &c., emerge in great numbers, with an almost constant east and west direction.

On the east and north shores the metamorphic rocks have a W. and WSW. strike, when visible. The slates of the north side of Michipicoot Bay run WNW., NW., and N.

The jasper and quartzite are merely altered sandstone, and therefore younger than the other rocks of this group.

2. The *Aqueous* Rocks.—The youngest of these is calciferous sandstone. It exists as a broad band on the south-east shore, resting on the sandstone soon to be noticed. It is highly magnesian and siliceous in parts. A patch of it in Grand Island contains shells. (Logan.)

The Cambrian Sandstone seems to be the floor or basement of nearly all the lake, for the following reasons:—

1. Wherever it occurs, whether in immense sheets on the east and south shore, or in smaller areas on the north coast, it invariably dips towards the centre of the lake.
2. It can be recognized, paving the lake for some miles from the main in many places.
3. The soundings of Captain Bayfield exhibit, for large spaces, the uniformity of level to be expected from the presence of horizontal strata.
4. Because it constitutes Caribou Island, 40 miles from the nearest main land.

This sandstone is very ancient; and is supposed by Mr. Logan to be Cambrian on the north shore, and lower Silurian on the south—a supposition, the latter clause of which, though extremely probable, is not yet established.

It has no fossils; but its ripple marks, impressions of rain-drops, and sun-cracks, are plentiful and perfect.

It is more commonly red, and is composed of the debris of granitoid rocks, in nearly horizontal strata, except near intrusive rocks, when it rises to a high angle, hardens, and even passes into true jasper, porphyry, gneiss, or quartzite. There is reason to think that this sandstone is interleaved with trap. (A Landscape was exhibited of the Sandstone Rocks, south shore.)

The conglomerate is of the same age with much

of the sandstone; and is almost invariably placed between it and the trap.

The conglomerates of Keweenaw and Isle Royale consist of rounded boulders of trap, with a few jaspers, cemented by red iron sand; but those of Meminee and Nipigon contain also granites, quartzites, and sandstones; thus indicating a difference of age.

3. *Igneous* Rocks.—Granite everywhere forms the nucleus of an anticlinal axis, in two parallel lines running E. and W. on the south-east side of the lake, flanked by metamorphic and sedimentary rocks. Both it and syenite are plentiful.

Trap Rocks.—The ancient lavas of the lake are in very large quantities, and are well displayed. They are the great depositories of copper. For convenience sake, they may be divided into three principal forms.

- 1st. The highly crystalline mountain masses—sometimes anticlinal and syenitic.
- 2d. The bedded trap, at various angles of inclination.
- 3d. Dikes intersecting igneous and metamorphic rocks.

They are all portions of one long series of volcanic operations.

Trap creates the great headland of Keweenaw, with its lines of stair-like cliffs and hills. (It was shown in a large diagram, and described as typical of the trap of the whole lake.) The trap of Keweenaw is met with in three contiguous and parallel belts, going WSW., and separated by bands of conglomerate, sometimes very thin, often numerous, and prolonged sometimes for 40 or 50 miles. These three belts have been named the outer, northern, and southern; the last being highly crystalline, or syenitic, and abounding in chlorite. It is an anticlinal to the rocks on both sides. The other two belts are bedded traps, and with their interleaved conglomerates dip northerly. They all coalesce at Portage Lake, and, after proceeding to Montreal River, 130 miles in the whole, soon after disappear under horizontal sandstone westwards.

The north belt is the most metalliferous; and contains the celebrated Cliff and other rich mines. In the Keweenaw district it is the cross vein which yields the native copper—either in sheets and blocks or mixed in with the usual crystallizations, such as datholite, prehnite, stilbite, quartz, &c.

On the Ontonagon River the metalliferous veins run with the strike. The copper is pure, and has interspersed through its substance scales of pure silver; but without chemical union.

The copper is confined to the trap, as a universal rule.

The north shore of Lake Superior is eminently trappose; and especially about Fort William, where a region at least 120 miles long consists of basalt, amygdaloid, porphyries, jasper, conglomerate, and sandstone in the same mutual relations as on the south shore.

The trap dikes, traversing granites and other crystalline rocks indifferently, are a singular feature on the north shore, and abound chiefly from Writen Rocks to the bottom of Michipicoot Bay. By their dark and undeviating course through the gray, red, or green rocks of the rugged coast, they strike the eye of the most incurious—if only as ruined staircases, crossing bays and headlands, and climbing hills for miles. Their size, number, and direction are irregular. They may be solitary, or twenty in company—sometimes all parallel and close to-

gether. They often run with the general trend of the coast.*

Mr. Logan divides them into three varieties, according as they are homogeneous, syenitic or porphyritic.

Professor Agassiz distributes the dikes of the whole lake into six systems—each with its own mineral character and direction—its own epoch of upheaval; and each he announces to have been an important agent in giving shape and direction to the district in which it occurs. He truly says that the general outline of the lake is the combined effect of many minor geological events taking place at different periods. With some truth in it, this theory does not seem to take into sufficient account the preëxisting metamorphic and granitic rocks, and it overlooks the variety observed in the directions of the dikes in the same neighborhood.

Dr. B. stated that if he might be allowed to hazard an opinion, it would be, that this curious assemblage of dikes—abounding as much in the S. as on the N. coast—pervading all the crystalline rocks indiscriminately, had ascended independently from the unseen, distant mass of trap beneath. They appear in many ways peculiar, and have no visible connection with the traps he had been describing.

Before the emergence of either traps or granites, Lake Superior received its *great* outlines from the metamorphic rocks—thrown into their present position by still earlier upward movements; for, on the eastern half of both shores of the lake, they strike E. and W. with little variation; while on the western half, these far extending rock-masses strike WSW. and SW.—giving thus to the lake a general eastward direction, with a gentle curve to the north, as stated before. This done, Cambrian sandstone slowly took possession of the trough of the lake—just as we see a certain shell marl is doing now. The anticlinal granites, which appeared afterwards, only concurred in the same effect; shaping and elevating the adjacent lands.

In after-geological times important modifications arose in the form of the lake. Promontories were pushed out, and islands raised up by successive outbursts and overflows of trap from separate fissures of great length—those, for example, of Keweenaw, Thunder Mountain, and Isle Royale—all intercalated with conglomerates, formed in agitated seas between eruptions;—at different and most probably *distant* times, judging from the fact that some of the conglomerates are altogether trappose, while others abound in granite and other boulders.

We thus obtain the *general* order of all these events, and little more; but the knowledge is worth having. From the position of the uplifted mural cliffs, we see that the upheaving impulse came from the south-east.

Drift.—The groovings and striæ are almost always northerly here. New proofs are daily accumulating to show more decisively the northerly origin of the foreign drift of Lake Superior. One of these is the fact that the limestone boulders on the north shore are upper Silurian,† and derived from the large calcareous basins some hundreds of miles north of Lake Superior; from whence Dr. B. had

brought characteristic fossils. Another is found in the occurrence of boulders of iron ore, in heaps, on the north side of certain cliffs, but which are absent on the south side—the original site of the ore being to the north of the cliffs, and near Lake Superior.

A sketch was exhibited of a Wisconsin prairie, dotted with northern blocks dropped from icebergs. —From Dr. D. Owen.

III. Commercial Resources.

Agriculture will only be carried on in parts of the south shore. Large quantities of white fish and of furs are annually exported.

The chief staple of Lake Superior is native copper. For ages before the appearance of Europeans in America, this metal was supplied from hence to the Indian nations far and near. The tumuli of the Mississippi, &c., contain the identical copper of this lake. Traces of ancient mining in Keweenaw, Ontonagon, and Isle Royale, are abundant, in the form of deep pits (a ladder in one), rubbish, stone mauls, hammers, wedges, and chisels of hardened copper. In a native excavation, near the river Ontonagon, with trees five hundred years old growing over it, lately lay a mass of pure copper, 81 tons in weight, partly fused, and resting on skids of black oak.

Modern explorers have hitherto only found two centres of metallic riches on the south coast—that of Keweenaw and of Ontonagon. In the first are the valuable mines of the Cliff, North American, North-Western, and other companies. In the Ontonagon centre are the Minnesota and fifteen other mines.

At the Cliff mine three large steam engines are employed (1852); with 250 men;—and at the North American mine, two engines, with 160 men. Most of the other mines, forty in number, are assisted by steam-power. Three thousand miners are in work altogether, and the general population is fast increasing. Native copper is the principal object. Silver is always present, and occasionally in masses of considerable size. According to authentic accounts, dated February, 1852, many new mines have been opened lately; and all are worked more systematically than heretofore—generally by contract.

There are now in the Cliff mine masses of pure copper within view estimated to weigh 700 tons in the whole; and on the lands of the Minnesota Company, one block weighing 250 tons. The copper shipped in 1851 was about 1600 tons, valued at £130,000. This copper is stated to be of great excellence in the manufacture of wire, ordnance, and ship-sheathing.

The large beds of specular and magnetic iron ore, on the south-east side of the lake, are as yet only worked on a small scale.

At this moment the business of mining has ceased on the Canadian side of the lake. There is little doubt, however, but that profitable deposits will, sooner or later, be discovered here.

SELF-INDULGENCE takes many forms, and we should bear in mind that there may be a sullen sensuality as well as a gay one.

RUNNING after happiness is only chasing the horizon.

KINDNESS pains more than cruelty when it is given instead of love.

* Vide Quart. Journal of Roy. Inst., vol. xviii., p. 244. Bigsby on Lake Superior.

† Containing Pentamerus, Spirifer, Leptæna (alternata) atropa, various corals, minute trilobites, orthocæra, and some cytherina.

From the Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society.

Chemical Report to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, on the Cause of Fire in the Ship Amazon. By Professor GRAHAM.

MR LORDS,—In reply to the questions arising out of the disastrous loss of the *Amazon* by fire, which are proposed to me for a chemical opinion, I beg to submit to your lordships the following statements and conclusions.

The practice of mixing together the various stores of the engineer, consisting of oils, tallow, soft-soup, turpentine, cotton-waste, and tow, and placing them in heated store-rooms contiguous to the boilers, must be looked upon as dangerous in no ordinary degree, for several reasons. Although oil in bulk is not easily ignited, particularly when preserved in iron tanks, still, when spilt upon wood or imbibed by tow and cotton-waste, which expose much surface to air, the oil often oxidates and heats spontaneously, and is allowed to be one of the most frequent causes of accidental fires. The vegetable and drying oils used by painters are most liable to spontaneous ignition, but no kind of animal or vegetable oil or grease appears to be exempted from it; and instances could be given of olive-oil igniting upon saw-dust; of greasy rags from butter, heaped together, taking fire within a period of twenty-four hours; of the spontaneous combustion of tape-measures, which are covered with an oil-varnish, when heaped together, and even of an oil-skin umbrella put aside in a damp state. The ignition of such materials has been often observed to be greatly favored by a slight warmth, such as the heat of the sun. I am also informed by Mr. Braidwood, that the great proportion of fires at railway stations have originated in the lamp-store, and that in coach-works also, when the fire can be traced, it is most frequently to the painter's department, the fire having arisen spontaneously from the ignition of oily matters. Lamp-black and ground charcoal are still more inflammable, when the smallest quantity of oil obtains access to them, and should not be admitted at all among ship's stores.

The stowing metallic cans or stoneware jars of either oil or turpentine in a warm place, is also attended with a danger which is less obvious, namely, the starting of the corks of the vessels, or the actual bursting of them by the great expansion of the liquid oil, which is caused by heat. These liquids expand in volume so much as one upon thirty, by a rise of not more than 60° of temperature, or by such a change as from the ordinary low temperature of 40° to a blood heat; the latter temperature may easily be exceeded in an engine-room. It is remarkable that the burning a few years ago of a large steamer on the American lakes, which even surpassed in its fatality the loss of the *Amazon*, was occasioned by the bursting, in the manner described, of a jar of turpentine placed upon deck too close to the funnel, by a party of journeymen painters, who were passengers. This steamer was also on her first voyage, and, being newly varnished, the flames spread over her bulwarks and extended the whole length of the vessel in a few minutes.

The bulkheads of coal-holds appear to admit of obtaining considerable security from fire by being constructed double where close to the boiler, with a sheet of air between the two partitions. The tendency of coals to spontaneous ignition is increased by a moderate heat, such as that of the

engine-room, from which they would be protected by the double partition. I have obtained instances where coals took fire in a factory, on two different occasions, by being heaped for a length of time against a heated wall, of which the temperature could be supported by the hand; also of coals igniting after some days upon stone flags covering a flue, of which the temperature was not known to rise above 150°, and of coals showing indications of taking fire by being thrown in bulk over a steam-pipe. These were Lancashire coals, which are highly sulphureous; but the same accident occurred with Wallsend coals, at the Chartered East Company's Works in London, where the coals were twice ignited through a two-feet brick wall, of which the temperature was believed by Mr. Croll not to exceed 120° or 140°.

The surface of deal, in the partition opposed to the boiler, would probably be better protected from fire by impregnating the wood with a saline solution, which diminished combustibility, such as the zinc solution of Sir W. Burnett, rather than by coating the wood on the side next the boiler with sheet-iron. Indeed, this use of iron appears to introduce a new danger. The iron being a good conductor of heat, the wood below is heated nearly as much as if uncovered, and wood in contact with iron appears to be brought by repeated heating to an extraordinary degree of combustibility, and to become peculiarly liable to spontaneous ignition.

Mr. Braidwood, who has been led to that conclusion, gave an instance of wood covered by sheet-iron igniting spontaneously in a wadding manufactory. The numerous occasions, also, on which wood and paper have been ignited by Perkins' heated water-pipes, equally exemplifying the dangerous consequences which may arise from moderately heated iron, in long contact with combustible matter.

The most obvious precautions for guarding against the spontaneous ignition of coal stowed in ships' bunkers, appear to be the taking the coal on board in as dry a condition as possible, and the turning it over, if there be room for doing so, as soon as the first symptom of heating is perceived. An obnoxious vapor is described as always preceding the breaking out of the fire, and affords warning of the danger. The ignition of Newcastle coals in store, is not an unfrequent occurrence at the London gas-works. It appears always to begin at a single spot, and is met by cutting down upon and removing at once the heated coals. Long iron rods are placed upright in the coal heap, which can be pulled out, and indicate by their warmth the exact situation of the fire. Steam can be of little avail for extinguishing the fire among the coals in bulk; and water, although it may extinguish the fire for the time, is too apt to induce a recurrence of the evil.

For extinguishing a fire occurring in berths or cabins in the immediate vicinity of the boiler and engine-room, steam might be more advantageously applied, means of turning on the steam being provided upon the upper deck, or other distant place of safety. Steam, however, can only be said to be efficient in extinguishing flame, or a blaze from light objects, and is not to be relied upon beyond an early stage of a fire. Upon a mass of red-hot cinders the extinguishing effect of steam is insensible.

An essential condition of applying steam with success to the extinction of a fire in the engine-

room, would be to prevent the rapid ingress and circulation of air at the same time, which is occasioned by the draught of the fires. This could only be done completely by valving the chimneys; for the quantity of heated air passing off by the funnels greatly exceeds in volume the steam produced by the boilers in the same time, and would rapidly convey away the steam thrown into the atmosphere of the engine-room, and prevent any possible advantage from it.

The fire in the "Amazon" appeared to the witnesses to take its rise either in the small oil store-room situated over the boiler, or in a narrow space of from three to eleven inches in width between a bulkhead and the side of the boiler, immediately under the same store-room. No substance remarkable for spontaneous ignition, such as oiled cotton-waste, was actually observed in the store-room or the space referred to. The wood itself of the bulkhead, which was within a few inches of the boiler, may have been highly dried and sensibly heated by its proximity to the latter, but is not likely to have acquired any tendency to spontaneous ignition; for when that property results from low heating, it is an effect of time requiring weeks or months to develop it. The same observation applies to the decks in contact with the steam-chest, which encased the base of the funnel.

Nor does it appear probable that the coals in the coal-hold of the vessel gave occasion to the fire by heating of themselves, and then burning through the wooden partition of the oil-store, with which they were in contact.

The coals were from Wales, and are not remarkable for this property. They are also said to have been shipped in a dry and dusty state, and not damp, a month or two previously.

Their ignition would also have been preceded by the strong odor before referred to, which does not appear to have been remarked, although the coal-hold communicated directly with the boiler-room.

Oil was seen to drop from the floor of the store-room upon the top of the boiler, but not in greater quantity than might be accidentally spilt in drawing the oil from the tank for the use of the engineers.

A parcel of twenty-five newly-tarred coal-sacks, which had been thrown upon the boiler, also obtained, it is supposed, some of the same oil. This oil appears to be the matter most liable to the possibility of spontaneous ignition, which was noticed near the spot where the fire commenced.

But the sudden and powerful burst of flame from the store-room, which occurred at the very outset of the conflagration, suggests strongly the intervention of a *volatile* combustible, such as turpentine, although the presence of a tin can of that substance in the store-room appears to be left uncertain. It was stated to be there by two witnesses, but its presence is denied by a third witness. I find, upon trial, that the vapor given off by oil of turpentine is sufficiently dense at a temperature somewhat below 110° to make air explosive upon the approach of a light. Any escape of turpentine from the heated store-room would therefore endanger a spread of flame, by the vapor communicating with the lamps burning at the time in the boiler-room, or even with the fire of the furnaces.

The fire appears not to have begun in the tarred sacks lying upon the boiler; although, from their position, which was close to the store-room, they

must have been very early involved in the conflagration, and contributed materially to its intensity. The sacks appear to have been charged each with about two pounds of tar, thus furnishing together fifty pounds of that substance in a condition the most favorable that can be imagined for rapid combustion. The freshness of the tar, and its high temperature would make it ignite by the least spark of flame, although not prone to spontaneous ignition. The burning of a group of newly-tarred cottages in Deptford, which came under the notice of Mr. Braidwood, arose from their being set on fire by lightning, while the sun was shining upon them, and the tar liquefied by the heat.

The origin of the fire must remain, I believe, a subject of speculation and conjecture; but the extreme intensity, and fearfully rapid spread of the combustion, are circumstances of scarcely inferior interest, which are not involved in the same obscurity.

The timber of the bulkheads and decks near the engine-room is reported to have been of Dantzic red wood, or Riga pine, and such was the character of a portion of the Amazon's timber which was supplied to me for chemical examination. The wood has had its temperature drawn off, and differs in that respect from pitch pine. The Dantzic red wood is, in consequence, less combustible than pitch pine, but more porous and spongy. Oil paint is absorbed, and dries more quickly upon this porous wood than upon oak and other dense woods. After the paint is well dried, pine and other woods certainly acquire from it some protection from the action of feeble and transient flames, which might kindle the naked wood. But the effect of paint—especially of fresh paint—appears to be quite the reverse when the wood is exposed to a strong, although merely passing, burst of flame. The paint melts, and emits an oily vapor which nourishes the flame, and soon fixes it upon the wood. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the timber of the Amazon was in a more inflammable state than ship-timber usually is, from being recently painted, and also, probably, from its newness and comparative dryness.

But the circumstance which appears above all others to give a character to the fire in the Amazon was its occurrence not in a close hold or cabin, but in a compartment of the vessel where a vigorous circulation of air is maintained by the action of the boiler-fires and their chimneys. The air of the engine-room must be renewed, under this influence, every few minutes, and would be so although full of flames rising above deck through the hatchways; for a portion of these flames would always escape by the funnels, and add to their aspirating power instead of diminishing it. The combustion of bulkheads or decks, once commenced in this situation, would, therefore, be fanned into activity, and powerfully supported.

The destruction of the floor of the oil store-room, and the overturning, in consequence, of the oil-tanks and combustibles into the well of the boiler-room, was probably the crisis of the fire. A mass of combustible vapor would speedily be generated, and shot about on all sides, of which the kindling power upon the new and painted timber of the bulkheads and decks would be wholly irresistible.

The burning of the Amazon impresses most emphatically the dangerous and uncontrollable character of a fire arising in the engine or boiler-room, where the combustion is animated by a steady and

powerful circulation of air, and the danger of collecting combustible matter together in such a place. The removal of the oil stores to a safer locality is, fortunately, generally practicable, and is the measure best calculated to prevent the recurrence of any similar catastrophe. I have the honor to remain, sir, &c.,

THOS. GRAHAM.

To the Lords of the Committee of
Privy Council for Trade.

From Chambers' Journal.

WHO SHALL RULE THE WAVES?

A CONTEST of a very remarkable kind is now going on, one which is pregnant with important results in respect to commerce, to naval architecture, to geographical discovery, to colonization, to the spread of intelligence, to the improvement of industrial art, and to the balance of political power among nations. The nature of this contest cannot be better made intelligible than by giving the words of a challenge recently put forth: "The American Navigation Company challenge the ship-builders of Great Britain to a ship-race, with cargo on board, from a port in England to a port in China and back. One ship to be entered by each party, and to be named within a week of the start. The ships to be modelled, commanded, and officered entirely by citizens of the United States and Great Britain respectively; to be entitled to rank 'A 1' either at the American offices or at Lloyd's. The stakes to be £10,000, and satisfactorily secured by both parties; to be paid without regard to accidents, or to any exceptions; the whole amount forfeited by either party not appearing. Judges to be mutually chosen. Reasonable time to be given, after notice of acceptance, to build the ships, if required, and also for discharging and loading cargo in China. The challenged party may name the size of the ships—not under 800 or over 1200 American register tons; the weight and measurement which may be carried each way; and the allowance for short weight or oversize."

There is a boldness, a straightforwardness, an honesty in this challenge, which cannot be mistaken. It is difficult to be interpreted in any other sense than that the challengers mean what they say. Brother Jonathan has fairly thrown down the gauntlet to the Britishers, and it behoves the latter to take it up in a becoming spirit. Our ship-builders, especially on the Dee, the Clyde, the Wear, the Mersey, and the Thames, ought to feel that much is now expected from them; for if once the Yankees obtain a reputation—a European reputation it will then be—for outstripping British ships on the broad seas, our ship-owners will assuredly feel the effects in a commercial sense.

This question of the speed of ships is a very curious one. Empirical rules, rather than scientific principles, have hitherto determined the forms which shall be given to ships. Smith adopts a certain form because Brown's ship sailed well, whereas Jones' differently shaped vessel was a bad sailer; although Smith, Brown, and Jones collectively may be little able to show *why* one of the vessels should sail better than the other.

If opportunity should occur to the reader to visit a large ship-building establishment, such as those on any one of the five rivers named above, he will see something like the following routine of operation going on:—

There is, first, the "ship's draughtsman,"

whose duties are somewhat analogous to those of the architect of a house, or the engineer of a railway, or the scientific cutter at a fashionable tailor's; he has to shape the materials out of which the structure is to be built up, or at least he has to show others how it is to be done. When the ship-builder has received an order, we will say, to construct a ship, and has ascertained for what route, and for what purpose, and of what size it is to be, he and his ship's draughtsman "lay their heads together" to devise such an arrangement of timbers as will meet the requirements of the case. Here it is that a *science* of ship-building would be valuable; the practical rules followed are deductions not so much from general principles as from accumulated facts which are waiting to be systematized; and until this process has been carried further, ship-building will be an *art*, but not a *science*. Well, then; the draughtsman, gathering up all the crumbs of knowledge obtainable from various quarters, puts his wisdom upon paper in the form of drawings and diagrams, to represent not only the dimensions of the vessel, but the sizes and shapes of the principal timbers which are to form it, on the scale, perhaps, of a quarter of an inch to a foot. Then this very responsible personage goes to his "mould-loft," on the wide-spreading floor of which he chalks such a labyrinth of lines as bewilder one even to look at. These lines represent the actual sizes and shapes of the different parts of the ship, with curvatures and taperings of singularly varied character. One floor of one room thus contains full-sized contours of all the timbers for the ship.

So far, then, the draughtsman. Next, under his supervision, thin planks of deal are cut to the contours of all these chalk-lines; and these thin pieces, called *moulds*, are intended to guide the sawyers in cutting the timbers for the ship. A large East Indian requires more than a hundred mould-pieces, chalked and marked in every direction.

Another skilful personage, called the "converter," then makes a tour of the timber-yard, and looks about for all the odd, crooked, crabbed trunks of oak and elm which he can find; well knowing that if the natural curvature of a tree accords somewhat with the required curvature of a ship's timber, the timber will be stronger than if cut from a straight trunk. He has the mould-pieces for a guide, and searches until he has ferreted out all the timbers wanted. Then he sets the sawyers to work, who, with the mould-pieces always at hand, shape the large trunks to the required form. And here it may be noted as a remarkable fact, that although we live in such a steam-engine and machine-working age, very few engines or machines afford aid in sawing ships' timbers. The truth seems to be, the curvatures are so numerous and varied, that machine-sawing would scarcely be applicable. Yet attempts are from time to time made to construct such machines. Mr. Cochran has invented one; and it is said that at the Earl of Rosse's first soirée as president of the Royal Society, a model of this timber-cutting machine was exhibited; that Prince Albert cut a miniature timber with it; and that he thus began an apprenticeship to the national art of ship-building.

Leaving the supposed visitor to a ship-yard to trace the timbers through all their stages of progress, we will proceed with that which is more directly the object of the present paper—namely, the relation of *speed* to *build*. Some sixteen or eighteen years ago, the British Association rightly

conceived that its mechanical section would be worthily occupied in an inquiry concerning the forms of ships, and the effect of form on the speed and steadiness. The inquiry was intrusted to Mr. Scott Russell and Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Robinson; and admirably has it been carried out. Mr. Scott Russell, especially, has sought to establish something like a *science* of form in ship-building—precisely the thing which would supply a proper basis for the artificers.

It is interesting to see how, year after year, this committee of two persons narrated the result of their unbought and unpaid labors to the Association. In 1838 and 1839, they showed how a solid moving in the water produced a particular kind of wave; how, at a certain velocity, the solid might ride on the top of the wave, without sinking into the hollow; how, if the external form of a vessel bore a certain resemblance to a section of this wave, the ship would encounter less resistance in the water than any other form; and thus originated the *wave principle*—so much talked of in connection with ship-building. A ship built on that principle in that year (1839) was believed to be the fastest ship in Britain. In 1840, the committee stated that they had “consulted the most eminent ship-builders as to the points upon which they most wanted information, and requested them to point out what were the forms of vessel which they would wish to have tried. More than 100 models of vessels of various sizes, from 30 inches to 25 feet in length were constructed,” and an immense mass of experiments were made on them. In 1841, they described how they had experimented on vessels of every size, from models of 30 inches in length to vessels of 1300 tons. In the next following year, the committee presented a report of no fewer than 20,000 experiments on models and ships, some of which afforded remarkable confirmation of the efficiency of the wave principle in ship-building. Thus the committee went on, year after year, detailing to the association the results of their experiments, and pointing out how the ship-builders were by degrees giving practical value to these results.

Now, a country in which a scientific society will spend a thousand pounds on such an inquiry, and in which scientific men will give up days and weeks of their time to it without fee or reward, ought not to be beaten on the broad seas by any competitor. It affords an instructive confirmation of the results arrived at by the committee, that when some of our swiftest yachts and clippers came to be carefully examined, it was found that the wave principle had been to a great extent adopted in their form, in cases even where the vessels were built before the labors of the committee had commenced. The *art* had in this case preceded the *science*. And let it not be considered that any absurdity is involved here; farmers manured their fields long before chemists were able to explain the real nature of manuring; and so in other arts, ingenious practical men often discover useful processes before the men of science can give the rationale of those processes.

It may be all very well to assert, that “*Britannia rules the waves*,” and that “*Britons never will be slaves*,” and so forth; only let us prove the assertions to be *true*, or not assert at all. We must appeal to the “*Shipping Intelligence*” which comes to hand from every side, and determine, from actual facts, whether any one country really out-slips another.

Among the facts which thus present themselves

to notice, is one relating to *clippers*. Who first gave the name of clipper to a ship, or what the name means, we do not know; but a clipper is understood to be a vessel so shaped as to sail faster than other vessels of equal tonnage. It is said that these swift sailers originated in the wants of the salmon shippers, and others at our eastern ports. A bulky, slow-moving ship may suffice for the conveyance to London of the minerals and manufactures of Northumberland and Durham; but salmon and other perishable articles become seriously deteriorated by a long voyage; and hence it is profitable in such case to sacrifice bulk to speed. Leith, Dundee, and especially Aberdeen, are distinguished for the speed of their vessels above those of the Tyne and the Wear; and the above facts probably explain the cause of the difference. The Aberdeen clipper is narrow, very keen and penetrating in front, gracefully tapering at the stern, and altogether calculated to “go ahead” through the water in rapid style. As compared with one of the ordinary old-fashioned English coasting brigs of equal tonnage, an Aberdeen clipper will attain nearly double the speed. One of these fine vessels, the *Chrysolite*, in a recent voyage from China, traversed 320 nautical miles (nearly 370 English statute miles) in twenty-four hours; this was a great performance. But it must not be forgotten, that the United States claim to have attained a high ship-speed before England had thought much on the matter; the Baltimore clippers have long been known on the other side of the Atlantic as dashing, rapid little vessels, mostly either single or double-masted.

It is to the opening of the China trade the present wonderful rivalry may in great part be attributed. So long as European vessels were cooped up stagnantly in Canton river, and allowed to trade only under circumstances of great restriction and annoyance, little was effected except by the tea-drinking denizens of Great Britain; but when, by the treaty of Nankin in 1842, Sir Henry Pottinger obtained the opening of the four ports of Amoy, Foo-tchow-foo, Ning-po, and Shang-hae, and stipulated that foreign vessels should be allowed to share with those of England the liberty of trading at those ports, there was a great impetus given to ship-builders and ship-owners; those who had goods to sell, thus found a new market for them; and those who could perform the voyage most quickly, would have a quicker return for their capital. This, following at an interval of seven or eight years the changes made in the India trade by the East India Company's charter of 1834, brought the Americans and the French and others into the Indian seas in great numbers. Then came the wonders of 1847, in the discovery of Californian gold; and those of 1851, in the similar discoveries in Australia.

Now, these four dates—1834, 1842, 1847, 1851—may be considered as four starting-points, each marked by a renewed conquest of man over the waves, and a strengthened but not hostile rivalry on the seas between nation and nation. So many inducements are now afforded to merchants to transact their dealings rapidly, that the ship-builders are beset on all sides with demands for more speed—more speed; and it is significant to observe that, in almost every recent newspaper account of a ship-launch, we are told how many knots an hour she is expected to attain when fitted. Every ship seems to beat every other ship, in the glowing language employed; but after making a

little allowance for local vanity, there is a substratum of correctness which shows strongly how we are advancing in rate of speed.

It will really now become useful to collect and preserve records of speed at sea, in connection with particular ships of particular build, as a guide to future construction. Mr. Henry Wise published a volume, about 1840, containing an analysis of one hundred voyages, made by ships belonging to the East India Company, extracted from the ships' logs preserved by the company. It appears that an average gave 112 days as the duration of a voyage from London to Bombay. Now, within the last few months we have seen that the *Chrysolite*, a small clipper, built at Aberdeen for a Liverpool firm, has made the run from England to China in 104 days; and the *Sternoway*, built at the same place for a London firm, has accomplished the distance in 103 days. Let the reader open his map, and compare the relative distances of Bombay and China from England, and he will then see what a wonderful increase of speed is implied in the above numbers. Three American clippers were sighted during the out and home voyages of the two vessels, and, if newspaper reports tell truly, were distanced by them.

We must not expect that the vast and unprecedented emigration to California and Australia now going on, will be designedly and materially connected with high speed, because most of the emigrants go in roomy ships, at fares as low as are attainable; but goods-traffic, and the higher class of passenger-traffic, are every month coming more and more within the domain of high speed. Let us take two instances which 1852 has afforded, one furnished by England, and one by America—one connected with the Australian trade, and one with the Chinese. The Aberdeen clipper-built barque, *Phanician*, arrived at Plymouth on February 3, having left Sydney on November 12, and performed the voyage in 83 days! Her previous voyages had varied from 88 to 103 days. The other instance is that of the American clipper, *Witch of the Wave*, a fine-vessel of 1400 tons burden, which left Canton on 5th January, and arrived in the Downs on 4th April, a period of 90 days. Her greatest speed is said to have been 338 nautical miles—equivalent to about 389 English miles—in 24 hours.

Thus it is, we find, that in one voyage we beat the Americans—in another, they outstrip us; and there seems at present no reason why either country should fail in making still further advances. The Liverpool and New York packet-trade affords another example of the same principle which we have been considering; gradually these truly noble vessels are acquiring an increased rate of speed. Not only does the general desire for high speed impel their owners to this, but there is a more direct incentive in the increased rivalry of steam-vessels. The American "liners," as the sailing-packets on this route are usually called, have had in past years an average of about 36 days outward passage, and 24 days homeward; but they are now shooting ahead unmistakably. The *Racer*, built at New York in 1851, and placed upon the Liverpool station, is a magnificent clipper of 1700 tons register; it made its first voyage from New York to Liverpool in 14 days—a quickness not only exceeding that of its predecessors, but leaving nearly all of them many days in arrear. Even this, however, was shortly afterwards excelled; for another new clip-

per, the *Washington*, accomplished the distance in a little over 13½ days.

The pleasure-vessels which are so numerous in the south of England, belonging to the several yacht-clubs, are sharing in the modern speed-producing improvements observable in other vessels. Every one has heard of the yacht *America*, which arrived at Cowes from the United States in July, 1851, and of the challenge which her owners threw out against English yacht-owners. Every one knows that the *America* beat the yachts which were fitted against her. This victory has led to an immense activity on the part of yacht-builders in England; they are studying all the peculiarities in the build and the trim of the yachts belonging to the different ports and different countries; and we are justified by every analogy in expecting that good results will spring out of wits thus sharpened.

Although we have not deemed it necessary in the present paper to touch on the national struggle between steam-ships, we must not forget that one of the most promising and valuable features in steam navigation arose as an appendage to sailing. The auxiliary screw will deserve the blessings of our colonists, for reasons which may be soon told. When it was yet uncertain what result would mark the contest *Screw v. Paddle*, it was suggested that the screw-propeller might probably be used as an auxiliary power, for occasional use during calms and contrary winds; the vessel to be a sailing-vessel under ordinary circumstances, but to have a marine engine and a screw for exigencies at times when the ship would be brought to a stand-still or even driven backwards. About seven years ago, an American packet-ship, the *Massachusetts*, a complete sailing vessel in other respects, was provided with a screw and a steam-engine powerful enough to keep the ship moving when winds and tides were adverse; the screw was capable of being lifted out of the water when not in use. In her first voyage from Liverpool to America, this ship gained from five to thirteen days as compared with five other ships which sailed either on the same or the following day. This experiment was deemed so far successful, that the Admiralty ordered, in 1846, an auxiliary screw to be fitted to the *Amphion* frigate, then building at Woolwich. Another example was the *Sarah Sands*, an iron ship of 1300 tons; she had engines of 180 horsepower, much below that requisite for an ordinary steamer of the same size. She could carry three classes of passengers, coal for the whole voyage, and 900 tons of merchandise. She made four voyages in 1847, two out and two home; and in 1848 she made five; her average time was about nineteen days out, and seventeen days home, and she usually passed about six liners on the voyage.

The speed here mentioned is not quite equal to that of the truly remarkable clippers noticed above, but it far exceeded that of any liner at work in 1848. The example was followed in other vessels; and then men began to cherish the vision of a propeller screwing its way through the broad ocean to our distant colonies. From this humble beginning as an auxiliary, the screw has obtained a place of more and more dignity, until at length we see the mails for the Cape and for Australia intrusted confidently to its safe-keeping.

The icy regions of the north are braved by the auxiliary screw. The little *Isabel*, fitted out almost entirely at the expense of Lady Franklin to aid in the search for her gallant husband, is a brigantiae

of 180 tons, with an auxiliary screw to ship and unship. The *Intrepid* and the *Pioneer*, the two screw-steamers which form part of Sir Edward Belcher's arctic expedition—lately started from England—are to work with or without their auxiliary appendage as circumstances may determine.

The present article, however, will show that sailing is not less alive and busy than steaming; and that the yachts and clippers of both nations are probably destined to a continuous series of improvements. When these improvements—whether by aid of scientific societies and laborious experiments, or by the watchful eye and the shrewd intelligence of ship-builders, or by both combined—have advanced steadily to a point perhaps far beyond that which we have yet attained, then, if at all, may we trouble ourselves about the question—"Who shall rule the waves!"

From the Spectator, 14th August.

CONVOCATION—TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

THE desire for the restoration of the legislative powers of convocation, so loudly expressed of late years by a portion of the clergy, and by some laymen distinguished for their interest in the development of Church action, is taking a practical shape. Pledges are enforced upon the representative members of that venerable formality, to the effect that they will exert themselves to procure in their House the passing of an address to the crown for a reform in the constitution of convocation, as a preliminary step to fit her for the performance of deliberative and legislative functions. Friends and foes of the movement are agreed that the existing status is indefensible, a solemn sham, and in some prominent features a shameless profanity. "Move on, or move off altogether," is the cry of an age that professes itself unable to endure mere pageant institutions, but will have either real things or nothing at all. An age can hardly set itself to nobler work than to making all its institutions, its forms of acting and of speaking, realities, instruments of effectively accomplishing its real wants. Only one condition is absolutely essential to this—that the age should know what it wants, and see how this or the other institution is to effect the thing wanted. To remodel institutions without clear perceptions on these two points, is the idlest day-dreaming of busy idleness, seeking in public excitement to drown its sense of personal unreality—in a show of aggregate strength to compensate its miserable consciousness of personal weakness and want of purpose. Ever since the revival of convocation has been talked of, we have taken occasion now and then to show that the spirit originally shaping itself into that desire has not been beyond the reach of our sympathy; and to ensure a wide sympathy among the public, the promoters of the movement have only to remember and comply with the conditions stated above. The public must be explicitly informed what ends are aimed at by the reinvestment of convocation in a more modern shape with active powers, and how the proposed powers are to effect them. The temper of the country is not favorable to building up the walls of a clerical cockpit, but neither is it averse to granting such powers to the Church as, without being capable of application to purposes of op-

pression or priestly arrogance, tend manifestly to increase her practical usefulness or even her ideal completeness and harmony. The most effectual means, therefore, that can be taken towards securing the end the advocates of convocation have in view, is the clear statement of the purposes for which the legislative instrument is desired, and a demonstration of its fitness to accomplish them. This of course implies, that those purposes must not be the establishment of the domination of a party or of a party theory, but purposes of plain, broad, public utility, such as the public mind can comprehend and the public conscience will approve. Nor is it altogether needless to hint to those who lead this movement, that the public to whom the appeal is ultimately made in this matter is a lay public. The great danger of clergymen is to look both at ends and means through priestly or at least purely theological spectacles.

The settlement of the doctrine and ritual of the Church of England would, we presume, form a main object with most of those who are anxious for the restoration of convocation. The Bishop of Exeter, who may be taken as a type of the wishes and opinions of a large body of zealous clergymen, desires convocation in order that, among other things, it may reconfirm the Catholic doctrine of the sacraments, which he holds to have been impugned by the decision of the Privy Council, and still more by the Archbishop of Canterbury's institution of Mr. Gorham. Here we come at once upon one of the main difficulties which lead so many persons to dread the proceedings of an ecclesiastical parliament. And the difficulty plainly lies in this, that compromise is possible, and the only thing that is possible when the question concerns the joint action of a community; but when the joint belief of a community is concerned, it is imagined that no compromise is allowable, but a decision in one direction implies a separation in another. Convocation, it is said, must either leave disputed questions of belief unsettled as they are at present, in which case it would do no good; or, settling them in one way, it would drive from the communion of the Church those who differ from its decision, in which case it would do harm; and in either case, arguing on questions which ultimately each man decides for himself in accordance with laws of which majorities and minorities are not constituent elements, it would but further demonstrate the hopeless uncertainty of even apparently fundamental theological propositions, and the vast tideway that the ship of St. Peter has made since last she opened her sails, though most on board fancied that she was at anchor and at rest while all around over the waste of waters the unconsecrated barks were drifting on without chart or compass or sense of polar-star. These difficulties it behoves the advocates of convocation to meet and answer. And those who undertake to answer them must bear in mind that the position to be established is this—either that convocation would allow enlarged liberty of teaching on all matters on which experience has demonstrated that competent men cannot be brought to hold opinions expressible under one and the same form of words; or that a National Church can base itself on a system of belief that does not allow adequate expression to the opinions, sentiments, and science of the most cultivated laymen of the country and many of the most learned clergy, and yet safely introduce into its organization

a representative system with free discussion. One of these two propositions seems necessary to be made out—either that convocation will enlarge the basis of church union, and recognize the fact, which European history has unequivocally brought to light, that people of European culture cannot honestly conform to the religious theories of the third and fourth centuries; or, failing this, that its own existence in the shape of a representative organ of a National Church is compatible in the face of such a fact with the continued existence of the National Church. To our apprehension, the latter alternative is simply impossible. The Church can only hope to continue national by at least not narrowing its terms of communion. It may, indeed, in a narrowed form remain the Church in the Ultra-Catholic sense, as possessing the creeds and the sacraments and the Apostolic succession; but the Church of the nation it will not be; and no fancied perfection of the institution, considered as a primitive work of art, will compensate to the sensible moderate portion of our English community for the immense loss of a practical power of civilization, that would ensue upon any great disruption of the existing Church of England, Erastian and prime-minister-ridden as it may be.

From Household Words.

THE CITIES OF TIME.

In a deep and death-like forest,
Where the midnight ever broodeth,
And within whose solemn silence
Man nor beast nor bird obtrudeth—
Wrecks and ruins of great cities,
Crowded once with countless numbers,
Shroud them in the massive branches,
Blackening in their mouldered slumbers.

Spacious were these regal structures,
As their Titan sprawl evinces,
Peopled once by kings with harems,
Priests and soldiers, chiefs and princes;
All the rest were slaves more lowly,
And their fragile habitations
Perished, with the stalls and stables
Of their quadruped relations.

Palace, pyramid, and column,
Temples, idols, and traditions,
Arts and skill, and pomp of tyrants—
Scorning human recognitions:
Such their grandeur of past ages,
Such the end of all their glory;
In barbaric height of power
Darkness hath devoured their story.

Turn thine eye upon the present,
Where the northland swims in rivers,
Itaska and the Rocky Mountains
Are their spring-head's glorious givers.
On they flow to ocean, southward,
Shining, leaping, and expanding;
In a vision I behold them—
'Midst these despot ruins standing.

Leaping rush the foaming rapids
Towards the cataract, eddying, spooming,
O'er the precipice of granite,
Down the gorge with hollow booming!
Thence advance the mighty rivers
Through vast tracts and rolling prairies,
Fields of maize, and rice, and cotton,
Meads and mines for gnomes and fairies.

On the banks are scattered sparsely
Village, log-hut, lone location,
But upon the river's bosom,
Floating towns attest a Nation!
Life and labor, commerce, progress,
Seeds of men and riches sowing,
O'er five thousand miles now witness
Fertile borders—cities growing.

While in Yucatan I ponder
O'er oblivion's crushing paces;
Mississippi, and Missouri,
Oh, love freedom in all races:
In the future I behold ye,
Clad with cities and with glory,
Nobly hold your course—take warning
By these wrecks and ruins hoary.

Last great strong-hold left for Freedom,
Patriots seek thee o'er the ocean,
Since the world's be-soldiered pagods
League once more, and claim devotion.
But thou wilt not, ever passive,
See man for his birth-right struggle;
Ten years—and thy star-lit banner
Shall o'ertop the blood-stained juggle.

Farewell, self-entombing ruins!
Void, majestic, and nameless;
Type of splendors, now so mournful,
Would thine origin were blameless,
Forests clasped thee in embraces,
Now the earth shall fold thee rotten,
Scorning man—to God a stranger—
Pass to dust—and be forgotten!

FROM A HYMN OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

No, but blest life is this,
With chaste and pure desire,
To turn unto the loadstar of all bliss;
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred fire,
Possessing him, to be by him possessed.
When to the balmy east
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west,
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hand and heart,
Him cheerfully to praise and to him pray;—
To heed each action so
As ever in his sight,
More fearing doing ill than passive woe;—
Not to seem other thing
Than what ye are aright;
Never to do what may repentance bring;—
Not to be blown with pride,
Nor moved at glory's breath,
Which shadow-like on wings of time doth glide;—
So malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work you harm;—
To hatch no base desires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleased with that which virtue fair acquires;—
To have the wit and will
Consorting in one strain,
Than what is good to have no higher skill;—
* * * * *

Who such a life doth live
You happy even may call,
Ere ruthless Death a wished end him give;
And after then, when given,
More happy by his fall,
For humans' earth enjoying angels' heaven.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

NINE O'CLOCK!

THE night of the 30th of June, 1793, is memorable, in the prison annals of Paris, as the last night in confinement of the leaders of the famous Girondin party in the first French Revolution. On the morning of the 31st, the twenty-one deputies who represented the department of the Gironde, were guillotined to make way for Robespierre and the Reign of Terror.

With these men fell the last revolutionists of that period who shrank from founding a republic on massacre; who recoiled from substituting, for a monarchy of corruption, a monarchy of bloodshed. The elements of their defeat lay as much in themselves as in the events of their time. They were not, as a party, true to their own convictions; they temporized; they fatally attempted to take a middle course amid the terrible emergencies of a terrible epoch, and they fell—fell before worse men, because those men were in earnest.

Condemned to die, the Girondins submitted nobly to their fate; their great glory was the glory of their deaths. The speech of one of them, on hearing his sentence pronounced, was a prophecy of the future, fulfilled to the letter.

"I die," he said to the Jacobin judges, the creatures of Robespierre, who tried him, "I die at a time when the people have lost their reason; *you* will die on the day when they recover it." Valazé was the only member of the condemned party who displayed a momentary weakness; he stabbed himself on hearing his sentence pronounced. But the blow was not mortal—he died on the scaffold, and died bravely with the rest.

On the night of the 30th the Girondins held their famous banquet in the prison; celebrated, with the ferocious stoicism of the time, their last social meeting before the morning on which they were to die. Other men besides the twenty-one, were present at the supper of the condemned. They were prisoners who held Girondin opinions, but whose names were not illustrious enough for history to preserve. Though sentenced to confinement, they were not sentenced to death. Some of their number, who had protested most boldly against the condemnation of the deputies, were ordered to witness the execution on the morrow, as a timely example to terrify them into submission. More than this, Robespierre and his colleagues did not, as yet, venture to attempt; the Reign of Terror was a cautious reign at starting.

The supper-table of the prison was spread; the guests, twenty-one of their number stamped already with the seal of death, were congregated at the last Girondin banquet; toast followed toast; the *Marseillaise* was sung; the desperate triumph of the feast was rising fast to its climax, when a new and ominous subject of conversation was started at the lower end of the table, and spread electrically, almost in a moment, to the top.

This subject (by whom originated no one knew) was simply a question as to the hour in the morning at which the execution was to take place. Every one of the prisoners appeared to be in ignorance on this point; and the gaolers either could not, or would not, enlighten them. Until the cart for the condemned rolled into the prison-yard, not one of the Girondins could tell whether he was to be called out to the guillotine soon after sunrise, or not till near noon.

This uncertainty was made a topic for discussion.

or for jesting on all sides. It was eagerly seized on as a pretext for raising to the highest pitch the ghastly animation and hilarity of the evening. In some quarters, the recognized hour of former executions was quoted as a precedent sure to be followed by the executioners of the morrow; in others, it was asserted that Robespierre and his party would purposely depart from established customs in this as in previous instances. Dozens of wild schemes were suggested for guessing the hour by fortune-telling rules on the cards; bets were offered and accepted among the prisoners who were not condemned to death, and witnessed in stoical mockery by the prisoners who were. Jest was exchanged about early rising and hurried toilets; in short, every man contributed an assertion, a contradiction, or a witticism to keep up the new topic of conversation, with one solitary exception. That exception was the Girondin, Duprat, one of the deputies who was sentenced to die by the guillotine.

He was a younger man than the majority of his brethren, and was personally remarkable by his pale, handsome, melancholy face, and his reserved yet gentle manners. Throughout the evening, he had spoken but rarely; there was something of the silence and serenity of a martyr in his demeanor. That he feared death as little as any of his companions was plainly visible in his bright, steady eye; in his unchanging complexion; in his firm, calm voice, when he occasionally addressed those who happened to be near him. But he was evidently out of place at the banquet; his temperament was reflective, his disposition serious; feasts were at no time a sphere in which he was calculated to shine.

His taciturnity, while the hour of the execution was under discussion, had separated him from most of those with whom he sat, at the lower end of the table. They edged up towards the top, where the conversation was most general and most animated. One of his friends, however, still kept his place by Duprat's side, and thus questioned him anxiously, but in low tones, on the cause of his immovable silence:

"Are you the only man of the company, Duprat, who has neither a guess nor a joke to make about the time of the execution?"

"I never joke, Marigny," was the answer, given with a slight smile which had something of the sarcastic in it; "and as for guessing at the time of the execution, I never guess at things which I know."

"Know! You know the hour of the execution! Then why not communicate your knowledge to your friends around you?"

"Because not one of them would believe what I said."

"But, surely, you could prove it. Somebody must have told you."

"Nobody has told me."

"You have seen some private letter, then; or you have managed to get sight of the execution-order; or—"

"Spare your conjectures, Marigny. I have not read, as I have not been told, what is the hour at which we are to die to-morrow."

"Then how on earth can you possibly know it?"

"I do not know when the execution will begin, or when it will end. I only know that it will be going on at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. Out of the twenty-one who are to suffer death, one will be guillotined exactly at that hour. Whether he

will be the first whose head falls, or the last, I cannot tell."

"And pray who may this man be, who is to die exactly at nine o'clock? Of course, prophetically knowing so much, you know that!"

"I do know it. I am the man whose death by the guillotine will take place exactly at the hour I have mentioned."

"You said just now, Duprat, that you never joked. Do you expect me to believe that what you have just spoken is spoken in earnest?"

"I repeat that I never joke; and I answer that I expect you to believe me. I know the hour at which my death will take place to-morrow, just as certainly as I know the fact of my own existence to-night."

"But how! My dear friend, can you really lay claim to supernatural intuition, in this eighteenth century of the world, in this renowned Age of Reason?"

"No two men, Marigny, understand that word, supernatural, exactly in the same sense; you and I differ about its meaning, or, in other words, differ about the real distinction between the doubtful and the true. We will not discuss the subject; I wish to be understood, at the outset, as laying claim to no superior intuitions whatever; but I tell you, at the same time, that even in this Age of Reason, I have reason for what I have said. My father and my brother both died at nine o'clock in the morning, and were both warned very strangely of their deaths. I am the last of my family; I was warned last night, as they were warned; and I shall die by the guillotine, as they died in their beds, at the fatal hour of nine."

"But, Duprat, why have I never heard of this before? As your oldest and, I am sure, your dearest friend, I thought you had long since trusted me with all your secrets."

"And you shall know this secret; I only kept it from you till the time when I could be certain that my death would substantiate my words, to the very letter. Come! you are as bad supper-company as I am; let us slip away from the table unperceived, while our friends are all engaged in conversation. Yonder end of the hall is dark and quiet—we can speak there uninterruptedly, for some hours to come."

He led the way from the supper-table, followed by Marigny. Arrived at one of the darkest and most retired corners of the great hall of the prison, Duprat spoke again:

"I believe, Marigny," he said, "that you are one of those who have been ordered by our tyrants to witness my execution, and the execution of my brethren, as a warning spectacle for an enemy to the Jacobin cause?"

"My dear, dear friend! it is too true; I am ordered to witness the butchery which I cannot prevent—our last awful parting will be at the foot of the scaffold. I am among the victims who are spared—mercilessly spared—for a little while yet."

"Say the martyrs! We die as martyrs, calmly, hopefully, innocently. When I am placed under the guillotine to-morrow morning, listen, my friend, for the striking of the church clocks; listen for the hour while you look your last on me. Until that time, suspend your judgment on the strange chapter of family history which I am now about to relate."

Marigny took his friend's hand, and promised compliance with the request. Duprat then began as follows:

"You knew my brother Alfred, when he was quite a youth, and you knew something of what people flippantly termed, the eccentricities of his character. He was three years my junior; but, from childhood, he showed far less of a child's innate levity and happiness than his elder brother. He was noted for his seriousness and thoughtfulness as a boy; showed little inclination for a boy's usual lessons, and less still for a boy's usual recreations—in short, he was considered by everybody (my father included) as deficient in intellect; as a vacant dreamer, and an inveterate idler, whom it was hopeless to improve. Our tutor tried to lead him to various studies, and tried in vain. It was the same when the cultivation of his mind was given up, and the cultivation of his body was next attempted. The fencing-master could make nothing of him; and the dancing-master, after the first three lessons, resigned in despair. Seeing that it was useless to set others to teach him, my father made a virtue of necessity, and left him, if he chose, to teach himself."

"To the astonishment of every one, he had not been long consigned to his own guidance, when he was discovered in the library, reading every old treatise on astrology which he could lay his hands on. He had rejected all useful knowledge for the most obsolete of obsolete sciences—the old, abandoned delusion of divination by the stars! My father laughed heartily over the strange study to which his idle son had at last applied himself, but made no attempt to oppose his new caprice, and sarcastically presented him with a telescope on his next birthday. I should remind you here, of what you may perhaps have forgotten, that my father was a philosopher of the Voltaire school, who believed that the summit of human wisdom was to arrive at the power of sneering at all enthusiasms, and doubting of all truths. Apart from his philosophy, he was a kind-hearted, easy man, of quick, rather than of profound intelligence. He could see nothing in my brother's new occupation, but the evidence of a new idleness, a fresh caprice which would be abandoned in a few months. My father was not the man to appreciate those yearnings towards the poetical and the spiritual, which were part of Alfred's temperament, and which gave to his peculiar studies of the stars and their influences, a certain charm altogether unconnected with the more practical attraction of scientific investigation."

"This idle caprice of my brother's, as my father insisted on terming it, had lasted more than a twelvemonth, when there occurred the first of a series of mysterious and—as I consider them—supernatural events, with all of which Alfred was very remarkably connected. I was myself a witness of the strange circumstance, which I am now about to relate to you."

"One day—my brother being then sixteen years of age—I happened to go into my father's study, during his absence, and found Alfred there, standing close to a window, which looked into the garden. I walked up to him, and observed a curious expression of vacancy and rigidity in his face, especially in his eyes. Although I knew him to be subject to what are called fits of absence, I still thought it rather extraordinary that he never moved, and never noticed me when I was close to him. I took his hand, and asked if he was unwell. His flesh felt quite cold; neither my touch nor my voice produced the smallest sensation in him. Almost at the same moment when I noticed this, I

happened to be looking accidentally towards the garden. There was my father walking along one of the paths, and there, by his side, walking with him, was *another Alfred*!—Another, yet exactly the same as the Alfred by whose side I was standing, whose hand I still held in mine!

"Thoroughly panic-stricken, I dropped his hand, and uttered a cry of terror. At the loud sound of my voice, the statue-like presence before me immediately began to show signs of animation. I looked around again at the garden. The figure of my brother, which I had beheld there, was gone, and I saw, to my horror, that my father was looking for it—looking in all directions for the companion (spectre, or human being?) of his walk!

"When I turned towards Alfred once more, he had (if I may so express it) come to life again, and was asking, with his usual gentleness of manner and kindness of voice, why I was looking so pale. I evaded the question by making some excuse, and in my turn inquired of him, how long he had been in my father's study.

"'Surely you ought to know best,' he answered with a laugh, 'for you must have been here before me. It is not many minutes ago since I was walking in the garden with—'

"Before he could complete the sentence, my father entered the room.

"'Oh! here you are, Master Alfred,' said he. 'May I ask for what purpose you took it into your wise head to vanish in that extraordinary manner? Why you slipped away from me in an instant, while I was picking a flower! On my word, sir, you're a better player at hide-and-seek than your brother—he would only have run into the shrubbery, you have managed to run in here, though how you did it in the time passes my poor comprehension. I was not a moment picking the flower, yet in that moment you were gone!'

"Alfred glanced suddenly and searchingly at me; his face became deadly pale, and, without speaking a word, he hurried from the room.

"'Can you explain this?' said my father, looking very much astonished.

"I hesitated a moment, and then told him what I had seen. He took a pinch of snuff—a favorite habit with him when he was going to be sarcastic, in imitation of Voltaire.

"'One visionary in a family is enough,' said he; 'I recommend you not to turn yourself into a bad imitation of your brother Alfred! Send your ghost after me, my good boy! I am going back into the garden, and should like to see him again!'

"Ridicule, even much sharper than this, would have had little effect on me. If I was certain of anything in the world, I was certain that I had seen my brother in the study—nay, more, had touched him—and equally certain that I had seen his double—his exact similitude, in the garden. As far as any man could know that he was in possession of his own senses, I knew myself to be in possession of mine. Left alone to think over what I had beheld, I felt a supernatural terror creeping through me—a terror which increased, when I recollected that, on one or two occasions, friends had said they had seen Alfred out of doors, when we all knew him to be at home. These statements, which my father had laughed at, and had taught me to laugh at, either as a trick, or a delusion on the part of others, now recurred to my memory as startling corroborations of what I had just seen

myself. The solitude of the study oppressed me in a manner which I cannot describe. I left the apartment to seek Alfred, determined to question him, with all possible caution, on the subject of his strange trance, and his sensations at the moment when I had awakened him from it.

"I found him in his bed-room, still pale, and now very thoughtful. As the first words in reference to the scene in the study passed my lips, he started violently, and entreated me, with very unusual warmth of speech and manner, never to speak to him on that subject again—never, if I had any love or regard for him! Of course, I complied with his request. The mystery, however, was not destined to end here.

"About two months after the event which I have just related, we had arranged, one evening, to go to the theatre. My father had insisted that Alfred should be of the party, otherwise he would certainly have declined accompanying us; for he had no inclination whatever for public amusements of any kind. However, with his usual docility, he prepared to obey my father's desire, by going up-stairs to put on his evening dress. It was winter-time, so he was obliged to take a candle with him.

"We waited in the drawing-room for his return a very long time, so long, that my father was on the point of sending up-stairs to remind him of the lateness of the hour, when Alfred reappeared without the candle which he had taken with him from the room. The ghastly alteration that had passed over his face—the hideous death-look that distorted his features I shall never forget—I shall see it to-morrow on the scaffold!

"Before either my father or I could utter a word, my brother said:—'I have been taken suddenly ill; but I am better now. Do you still wish me to go to the theatre?'

"'Certainly not, my dear Alfred,' answered my father; 'we must send for the doctor immediately.'

"'Pray do not call in the doctor, sir; he would be of no use. I will tell you why, if you will let me speak to you alone.'

"My father, looking seriously alarmed, signed to me to leave the room. For more than half an hour I remained absent suffering almost unendurable suspense and anxiety on my brother's account. When I was recalled, I observed that Alfred was quite calm, though still deadly pale. My father's manner displayed an agitation which I had never observed in it before. He arose from his chair when I reentered the room, and left me alone with my brother.

"'Promise me,' said Alfred, in answer to my entreaties to know what had happened, 'promise that you will not ask me to tell you more than my father has permitted me to tell. It is his desire that I should keep it secret from you.'

"I gave the required promise, but gave it most unwillingly. Alfred then proceeded.

"'When I left you to go and dress for the theatre, I felt a sense of oppression all over me, which I cannot describe. As soon as I was alone, it seemed as if some part of the life within me was slowly wasting away. I could hardly breathe the air around me, big drops of perspiration burst out on my forehead, and then a feeling of terror seized me which I was utterly unable to control. Some of those strange fancies of seeing my mother's spirit, which used to influence me at the time of her death, came back again to my mind. I

ascended the stairs slowly and painfully, not daring to look behind me, for I heard—yes, heard!—something following me. When I had got into my room, and had shut the door, I began to recover my self-possession a little. But the sense of oppression was still as heavy on me as ever, when I approached the wardrobe to get out my clothes. Just as I stretched forth my hand to turn the key, I saw, to my horror, the two doors of the wardrobe opening of themselves, opening slowly and silently. The candle went out at the same moment, and the whole inside of the wardrobe became to me like a great mirror, with a bright light shining in the middle of it. Out of that light there came a figure, the exact counterpart of myself. Over its breast hung an open scroll, and on that I read the warning of my own death, and a revelation of the destinies of my father and his race. Do not ask me what were the words on the scroll; I have given my promise not to tell you. I may only say that, as soon as I had read all, the room grew dark, and the vision disappeared.

"Forgetful of my promise, I entreated Alfred to repeat to me the words on the scroll. He smiled sadly, and refused to speak on the subject any more. I next sought out my father, and begged him to divulge the secret. Still sceptical to the last, he answered that one diseased imagination in the family was enough, and that he would not permit me to run the risk of being infected by Alfred's mental malady. I passed the whole of that day and the next in a state of agitation and alarm which nothing could tranquillize. The sight I had seen in the study gave a terrible significance to the little my brother had told me. I was uneasy if he was a moment out of my sight. There was something in his expression—calm and even cheerful as it was—which made me dread the worst.

"On the morning of the third day after the occurrence I have just related, I rose very early, after a sleepless night, and went into Alfred's bedroom. He was awake, and welcomed me with more than usual affection and kindness. As I drew a chair to his bedside, he asked me to get pen, ink, and paper, and write down something from his dictation. I obeyed, and found, to my terror and distress, that the idea of death was more present to his imagination than ever. He employed me in writing a statement of his wishes in regard to the disposal of all his own little possessions, as keepsakes to be given, after he was no more, to my father, myself, the house-servants, and one or two of his own most intimate friends. Over and over again I entreated him to tell me whether he really believed that his death was near. He invariably replied that I should soon know, and then led the conversation to different topics. As the morning advanced, he asked to see my father, who came, accompanied by the doctor, the latter having been in attendance for the last two days.

"Alfred took my father's hand, and begged his forgiveness of any offence, any disobedience of which he had ever been guilty. Then, reaching out his other hand, and, taking mine, as I stood on the opposite side of the bed, he asked what the time was. A clock was placed on the mantel-piece of the room, but not in a position in which he could see it, as he now lay. I turned round to look at the dial, and answered that it was just on the stroke of nine.

"'Farewell!' said Alfred, calmly; 'in this world, farewell forever!'

"The next instant the clock struck. I felt his fingers tremble in mine, then grow quite still. The doctor seized a hand-mirror that lay on the table, and held it over his lips. He was dead—dead, as the last chime of the hour echoed through the awful silence of the room!

"I pass over the first days of our affliction. You, who have suffered the loss of a beloved sister, can well imagine their misery. I pass over these days, and pause for a moment at the time when we could speak with some calmness and resignation on the subject of our bereavement. On the arrival of that period, I ventured, in conversation with my father, to refer to the vision which had been seen by our dear Alfred in his bedroom, and to the prophecy which he described himself as having read upon the supernatural scroll.

"Even yet my father persisted in his scepticism; but now, as it seemed to me, more because he was afraid, than because he was unwilling to believe. I again recalled to his memory what I myself had seen in the study. I asked him to recollect how certain Alfred had been beforehand, and how fatally right, about the day and hour of his death. Still I could get but one answer; my brother had died of a nervous disorder (the doctor said so); his imagination had been diseased from his childhood; there was only one way of treating the vision which he described himself as having seen, and that was, not to speak of it again between ourselves; never to speak of it at all to our friends.

"We were sitting in the study during this conversation. It was evening. As my father uttered the last words of his reply to me, I saw his eye turn suddenly and uneasily towards the further end of the room. In dead silence, I looked in the same direction, and saw the door opening slowly of itself. The vacant space beyond was filled with a bright, steady glow, which hid all outer objects in the hall, and which I cannot describe to you by likening it to any light that we are accustomed to behold either by day or night. In my terror, I caught my father by the arm, and asked him, in a whisper, whether he did not see something extraordinary in the direction of the doorway.

"'Yes,' he answered, in tones as low as mine, 'I see, or fancy I see, a strange light. The subject on which we have been speaking has impressed our feelings as it should not. Our nerves are still unstrung by the shock of the bereavement we have suffered; our senses are deluding us. Let us look away towards the garden.'

"'But the opening of the door, father; remember the opening of the door!'

"'Ours is not the first door which has accidentally flown open of itself.'

"'Then why not shut it again?'

"'Why not, indeed. I will close it at once.' He rose, advanced a few paces, then stopped, and came back to his place. 'It is a warm evening,' said he, avoiding my eyes, which were eagerly fixed on him, 'the room will be all the cooler, if the door is suffered to remain open.'

"His face grew quite pale as he spoke. The light lasted for a few minutes longer, then suddenly disappeared. For the rest of the evening my father's manner was very much altered. He was silent and thoughtful, and complained of a feeling of oppression and languor, which he tried to per-

suade himself was produced by the heat of the weather. At an unusually early hour he retired to his room.

"The next morning, when I got down stairs, I found, to my astonishment, that the servants were engaged in preparations for the departure of somebody from the house. I made inquiries of one of them who was hurriedly packing a trunk. 'My master, sir, starts for Lyons the first thing this morning,' was the reply. I immediately repaired to my father's room, and found him there with an open letter in his hand, which he was reading. His face, as he looked up at me on my entrance, expressed the most violent emotions of apprehension and despair.

" 'I hardly know whether I am awake or dreaming; whether I am the dupe of a terrible delusion, or the victim of a supernatural reality more terrible still,' he said in low, awe-struck tones as I approached him. 'One of the prophecies, which Alfred told me in private that he had read upon the scroll, has come true! He predicted the loss of the bulk of my fortune—here is the letter, which informs me that the merchant at Lyons, in whose hands my money was placed, has become a bankrupt. Can the occurrence of this ruinous calamity be the chance fulfilment of a mere guess! Or was the doom of my family really revealed to my dead son! I go to Lyons immediately to know the truth; this letter may have been written under false information; it may be the work of an impostor. And yet, Alfred's prediction—I shudder to think of it!'

" 'The light, father!' I exclaimed, 'the light we saw last night in the study!'

" 'Hush! don't speak of it! Alfred said that I should be warned of the truth of the prophecy, and of its immediate fulfilment, by the shining of the same supernatural light that he had seen—I tried to disbelieve what I beheld last night—I hardly know whether I dare believe it even now! This prophecy is not the last; there are others yet to be fulfilled—but let us not speak, let us not think of them! I must start at once for Lyons; I must be on the spot, if this horrible news is true, to save what I can from the wreck. The letter—give me back the letter!—I must go directly!'

"He hurried from the room. I followed him; and, with some difficulty, obtained permission to be the companion of his momentous journey. When we arrived at Lyons, we found that the statement in the letter was true. My father's fortune was gone; a mere pittance, derived from a small estate that had belonged to my mother, was all that was left to us.

"My father's health gave way under this misfortune. He never referred again to Alfred's prediction, and I was afraid to mention the subject; but I saw that it was affecting his mind quite as painfully as the loss of his property. Over and over again he checked himself very strangely when he was on the point of speaking to me about my brother. I saw that there was some secret, pressing heavily on his mind, which he was afraid to disclose to me. It was useless to ask for his confidence. His temper had become irritable under disaster; perhaps, also, under the dread uncertainties which were now evidently tormenting him in secret. My situation was a very sad, and a very dreary one, at that time; I had no remembrances of the past that were not mournful and affrighting remembrances; I had no hopes for the future that were not darkened by a vague presentiment of

troubles and perils to come; and I was expressly forbidden by my father to say a word about the terrible events, which had cast an unnatural gloom over my youthful career, to any of the friends (yourself included) whose counsel and whose sympathy might have guided and sustained me in the day of trial.

"We returned to Paris; sold our house there; and retired to live on the small estate, to which I have referred, as the last possession left us. We had not been many days in our new abode, when my father imprudently exposed himself to a heavy shower of rain, and suffered, in consequence, from a violent attack of cold. This temporary malady was not dreaded by the medical attendant; but it was soon aggravated by a fever, produced as much by the anxiety and distress of mind from which he continued to suffer, as by any other cause. Still the doctor gave hope; but still he grew daily worse—so much worse, that I removed my bed into his room, and never quitted him night nor day.

"One night I had fallen asleep, overpowered by fatigue and anxiety, when I was awakened by a cry from my father. I instantly trimmed the light, and ran to his side. He was sitting up in bed, with his eyes fixed on the door, which had been left ajar to ventilate the room. I saw nothing in that direction, and asked what was the matter. He murmured some expressions of affection towards me, and begged me to sit by his bedside till the morning; but gave no definite answer to my question. Once or twice, I thought he wandered a little; and I observed that he occasionally moved his hand under the pillow, as if searching for something there. However, when the morning came, he appeared to be quite calm and self-possessed. The doctor arrived; and, pronouncing him to be better, retired to the dressing-room to write a prescription. The moment his back was turned, my father laid his weak hand on my arm, and whispered faintly:—'Last night I saw the supernatural light again—the second prediction—true, true—my death this time—the same hour as Alfred's—nine—nine o'clock, this morning.' He paused a moment through weakness; then added:—'Take that sealed paper—under the pillow—when I am dead read it—now go into the dressing-room—my watch is there—I have heard the church clock strike eight; let me see how long it is now till nine—go—go quickly!'

"Horror-stricken, moving and acting like a man in a trance, I silently obeyed him. The doctor was still in the dressing-room; despair made me catch eagerly at any chance of saving my father; I told his medical attendant what I had just heard, and entreated advice and assistance without delay.

" 'He is a little delirious,' said the doctor—'don't be alarmed; we can cheat him out of his dangerous idea, and so perhaps save his life. Where is the watch?' (I produced it)—'See; it is ten minutes to nine. I will put back the hands one hour; that will give good time for a composing draught to operate. There! take him the watch, and let him see the false time with his own eyes. He will be comfortably asleep before the hour hand gets round again to nine.'

"I went back with the watch to my father's bed-side. 'Too slow,' he murmured, as he looked at the dial—'too slow by an hour—the church clock—I counted eight.'

" 'Father! dear father! you are mistaken,' I cried, 'I counted also; it was only seven.'

"Only seven!" he echoed faintly, "another hour then—another hour to live!" He evidently believed what I had said to him. In spite of the fatal experiences of the past, I now ventured to hope the best from our stratagem, as I resumed my place by his side.

"The doctor came in; but my father never noticed him. He kept his eyes fixed on the watch, which lay between us, on the coverlid. When the minute hand was within a few seconds of indicating the false hour of eight, he looked round at me, murmured very feebly and doubtfully, 'another hour to live!' and then gently closed his eyes. I looked at the watch, and saw that it was just eight o'clock, according to our alteration of the right time. At the same moment, I heard the doctor, whose hand had been on my father's pulse, exclaim, 'My God! it's stopped! He has died at nine o'clock!'"

"The fatality, which no human stratagem or human science could turn aside, was accomplished! I was alone in the world!"

"In the solitude of our little cottage, on the day of my father's burial, I opened the sealed letter, which he had told me to take from the pillow of his death-bed. In preparing to read it, I knew that I was preparing for the knowledge of my own doom; but I neither trembled nor wept. I was beyond all grief; despair such as mine was then, is calm and self-possessed to the last.

"The letter ran thus:—After your father and your brother have fallen under the fatality that pursues our house, it is right, my dear son, that you should be warned how you are included in the last of the predictions which still remains unaccomplished. Know, then, that the final lines read by our dear Alfred on the scroll prophesied that you should die, as we have died, at the fatal hour of nine; but by a bloody and violent death, the day of which was not foretold. My beloved boy! you know not, you never will know, what I suffered in the possession of this terrible secret, as the truth of the former prophecies forced itself more and more plainly on my mind! Even now, as I write, I hope against all hope; believe vainly and desperately against all experience, that this last, worst doom may be avoided. Be cautious; be patient; look well before you at each step of your career. The fatality by which you are threatened is terrible: but there is a Power above fatality; and before that Power my spirit and my child's spirit now pray for you. Remember this when your heart is heavy, and your path through life grows dark. Remember that the better world is still before you, the world where we shall all meet! Farewell!"

"When I first read those lines, I read them with the gloomy, immovable resignation of the Eastern fatalists; and that resignation never left me afterwards. Here, in this prison, I feel it, calm as ever. I bowed patiently to my doom, when it was only predicted; I bow to it as patiently now, when it is on the eve of accomplishment. You have often wondered, my friend, at the tranquil, equable sadness of my manner; after what I have just told you, can you wonder any longer?"

"But let me return for a moment to the past. Though I had no hope of escaping the fatality which had overtaken my father and my brother, my life, after my double bereavement, was the existence of all others which might seem most likely to evade the accomplishment of my predicted doom. Yourself and one other friend excepted, I

saw no society; my walks were limited to the cottage garden and the neighboring fields, and my every-day unvarying occupation was confined to that hard and resolute course of study, by which alone I could hope to prevent my mind from dwelling on what I had suffered in the past, or on what I might still be condemned to suffer in the future. Never was there a life more quiet and more uneventful than mine.

"You know how I awoke to an ambition, which irresistibly impelled me to change this mode of existence. News from Paris penetrated even to my obscure retreat, and disturbed my self-imposed tranquillity. I heard of the last errors and weaknesses of Louis the Sixteenth; I heard of the assembling of the states-general; and I knew that the French Revolution had begun. The tremendous emergencies of that epoch drew men of all characters from private to public pursuits, and made politics the necessity rather than the choice of every Frenchman's life. The great change preparing for the country acted universally on individuals, even to the humblest, and it acted on me.

"I was elected a deputy, more for the sake of the name I bore, than on account of any little influence which my acquirements and my character might have exercised in the neighborhood of my country abode. I removed to Paris, and took my seat in the Chamber, little thinking at that time of the crime and bloodshed to which our revolution, so moderate in its beginning, would lead; little thinking that I had taken the first irretrievable step towards the bloody and the violent death which was lying in store for me.

"Need I go on? You know how warily I joined the Girondin party, you know how we have been sacrificed; you know what the death is which I and my brethren are to suffer to-morrow. On now ending, I repeat what I said at the beginning:—Judge not of my narrative till you have seen with your own eyes what really takes place in the morning. I have carefully abstained from all comment, I have simply related events as they happened, forbearing to add my own views of their significance, my own ideas on the explanation of which they admit. You may believe us to have been a family of nervous visionaries, witnesses of certain remarkable contingencies; victims of curious, but not impossible chances, which we have fancifully and falsely interpreted into supernatural events. I leave you undisturbed in this conviction (if you really feel it); to-morrow you will think differently; to-morrow you will be an altered man. In the mean time remember what I now say, as you would remember my dying words:—Last night I saw the supernatural radiance which warned my father and my brother; and which warns me, that, whatever the time when the execution begins, whatever the order in which the twenty-one Girondins are chosen for death, I shall be the man who kneels under the guillotine, as the clock strikes nine!"

It was morning. Of the ghastly festivities of the night no sign remained. The prison-hall wore an altered look, as the twenty-one condemned men (followed by those who were ordered to witness their execution) were marched out to the carts appointed to take them from the dungeon to the scaffold.

The sky was cloudless, the sun warm and brilliant, as the Girondin leaders and their compan-

ions were drawn slowly through the streets to the place of execution. Duprat and Marigny were placed in separate vehicles; the contrast in their demeanor at that awful moment was strongly marked. The features of the doomed man still preserved their noble and melancholy repose; his glance was steady; his color never changed. The face of Marigny, on the contrary, displayed the strongest agitation; he was pale even to his lips. The terrible narrative he had heard, the anticipation of the final and appalling proof by which its truth was now to be tested, had robbed him, for the first time in his life, of all his self-possession. Duprat had predicted truly; the morrow had come, and he was an altered man already.

The carts drew up at the foot of the scaffold which was soon to be stained with the blood of twenty-one human beings. The condemned deputies mounted it; and ranged themselves at the end opposite the guillotine. The prisoners who were to behold the execution remained in their cart. Before Duprat ascended the steps, he took his friend's hand for the last time: "Farewell!" he said, calmly. "Farewell! I go to my father, and my brother! Remember my words of last night."

With straining eyes, and bloodless cheeks, Ma-

rigny saw Duprat take his position in the middle row of his companions, who stood in three ranks of seven each. Then the awful spectacle of the execution began. After the first seven deputies had suffered there was a pause; the horrible traces of the judicial massacre were being removed. When the execution proceeded, Duprat was the third taken from the middle rank of the condemned. As he came forward, and stood for an instant erect under the guillotine, he looked with a smile on his friend, and repeated in a clear voice the word, "Remember!"—then bowed himself on the block. The blood stood still at Marigny's heart, as he looked and listened, during the moment of silence that followed. That moment past, the church clocks of Paris struck. He dropped down in the cart, and covered his face with his hands; for through the heavy beat of the hour he heard the fall of the fatal steel.

"Pray, sir, was it nine or ten that struck just now?" said one of Marigny's fellow-prisoners to an officer of the guard who stood near the cart.

The person addressed referred to his watch and answered—

"NINE O'CLOCK!"

From Duffy's Magazine.

THE FALL OF THE FAIRIES.

"The general opinion, at least in Ireland, is, that during the war of Lucifer in heaven, the angels were divided into three classes. The first class consisted of those faithful spirits who, at once and without hesitation, adhered to the standard of the Omnipotent; the next consisted of those who openly rebelled and followed the great apostate, sharing eternal perdition along with him; the third and last consisted of those who, during the mighty clash and uproar of the contending hosts, stood timidly aloof, and refused to join either power. These (says the tradition) were expelled from heaven—some sent upon the earth, and some into the waters of the earth, where they are to remain, ignorant of their fate, until the day of judgment."—*Carleton's Irish Superstitions.*

From the soul of the sky,
When the light-bearer fell
To the grave everlasting—
The space-gorge of hell,
Mid the firmament's wonder,
His rent crown was torn
From the beautiful brow
That it loved to adorn,
And, shattered, was flung
Down the blue depths of heaven,
Like a big star that leapeth
The lit sky at even.
And the hosts that upheld
His stain'd soul in its pride,
Like the wings of his weakness,
Fell down by his side.
Then far off in heaven,
All prostrate and dim,
Farthest off—farthest off,
Like a weak, fading dream,
Was a tribe of lone spirits,
Whom Lucifer awed
When he raised up his eyes
To the presence of God!
They shrunk from the rebel—
They shrunk from the Lord—
They fainted in faith
At the flash of the sword—
They fled at the footfall
And vaunt of the proud:
And aloof and away
Stood the crest-fallen crowd.
But now, since the shadow
That awed them was gone,

They were prostrate in heaven—
Far off and alone.

And a host of bright angels
Approached where they lay,
As cometh the sun's rays
To wake up the day;
And, with faces averted
And prayerful cry,
Led the fallen ones off
To the gates of the sky.

Now the exiles of heaven—
Sink gently below,
As falls from the white sky
The wandering snow,
Wending mournfully earthward,
And losing in flight,
Mid the mansions of ether,
Their essence and light;
Till, stript of their splendor,
Their last robing lies
Where the milky way whitens
The blue of the skies.
And now to the cold earth
The fairies have come,
To seek amid mortals
A mystic home;
And, like leaves of the Autumn,
All withered and sere,
They moan through the air paths,
At droop of the year;
For they see, in the moonlight,
Around the wide skies,
Through white clouds and star chinks
A host of bless'd eyes,
Looking down on them kindly
With pitying care,
And soothing their exile
With hopes and pray'r.

EPITAPH.

READER, pass on, nor idly waste your time
On bad biography, or coarser rhyme;
For what I am this mouldering clay assures,
And what I was—is no concern of yours.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE MODERN TARTAR.

THE phrase, "Catching a Tartar," points to a peculiarity in Tartar life, which, however correct historically, is not in keeping with the actual current state of the Mongol character. It implies something impetuous, stern, unyielding, relentless, and cruel; whereas the modern life of the children of the desert exhibits much that is simple, confiding, generous, and even chivalric. It is nothing to our discredit that we should have been so long in discovering these features in the great nomadic class of the day, because European barbarians are absolutely prohibited from visiting the desert places which are the scenes of their wanderings; and but for the enterprise of two Roman Catholic missionaries from France, we should probably have remained in ignorance for a much longer period. These gentlemen, however, have thrown a light on this subject, which is too remarkable to be passed over without notice. Messrs. Gabet and Huc composed this work in 1846, but it has only recently been published in this country,* and its perusal cannot fail to modify many of our preconceived notions regarding Tartar life.

It will, for example, be admitted that, according to the hitherto popular acceptance of the character, Tartars were not exactly the sort of persons on whom practical jokes might be perpetrated with impunity. Read, however, the following anecdote:—While our two travellers were one day in their tents, two Tartar horsemen dashed up to the entrance, and threw themselves on the ground. "Men of prayer," said they, with voices full of emotion, "we come to ask you to draw our horoscope. We have this day had two horses stolen from us. We cannot find the robbers, and we come to you men of learning, to tell us where we shall find our property."

"Brothers," answered the missionaries, "we are not lamas of Buddha, and do not believe in horoscopes. For a man to say that he can discover stolen goods by such means, is falsehood and deception."

The horsemen entreated, but the priests were inflexible, and the disappointed Tartars mounted their steeds, and galloped off. It so happened that Samdachiamba, the guide of the missionaries—a Christianized Oriental, but withal a very merry fellow—was present during this interview, but he sat drinking his tea without uttering a word. All on a sudden he knitted his brows, rose, and came to the door. The horsemen were at some distance; but the *dehiahour*, by an exertion of his strong lungs, induced them to turn round in their saddles. He motioned to them, and they, thinking that the horoscope was to be given, galloped once more to the tent. "My Mongol brothers," said Samdachiamba, "in future be more careful; watch your herds well, and you won't be robbed. Retain these words of mine in your memory; they are worth all the horoscopes in the world."

Samdad—the reader will perhaps thank us for the abbreviation—gravely returned to the tent; and the Tartars did not dismount and whip him, as two horsemen of any other nation under the sun would have done, but quietly resumed their journey. It appeared that Samdad had once acted

as diviner on a similar occasion. The missing valuable was a bull, and the sage having called for eleven stones, counted, arranged and rearranged them with great gravity, and then appeared to meditate. "If you would find your bull, go seek him in the north," said the magician; and without querulously inquiring, like Shakespeare's Richard, what Taurus did in that region, the Mongols pursued a northern course, and by mere chance actually discovered the animal. Samdad was entertained for a week, and took his departure laden with butter and tea. He hinted his regret that "his attachment to Mother Church" prevented him from playing the soothsayer to the two horsemen.

A peculiarity in Tartar manners, regarding stolen horses when abstracted near caravans, is likely to prove of more service than casting horoscopes. Some time after the occurrence mentioned, the missionaries lost a horse and mule. "We each mounted a camel, and made a circuit in search of the animals. Our search being futile, we resolved to proceed to the Mongol encampment, and inform them that our loss had taken place near their habitation. *By a law among the Tartars*, when animals are lost from a caravan, the persons occupying the nearest encampment are bound either to find them or replace them. . . . This it is which has contributed to render the Mongols so skillful in tracking. A mere glance at the slightest traces left by an animal on the grass, suffices to inform the Mongol pursuer how long it is since it passed, and whether or not it bore a rider; and the track once found, they follow it throughout all its meanderings, however complicated.

"We had no sooner explained our loss to the Mongol chief, than he said to us cheerfully: 'Sirs Lamas, do not permit sorrow to invade your hearts. Your animals cannot be lost; in these plains there are neither robbers nor associates of robbers. I will send in quest of your horses. If we do not find them, you may select what others you please in their place from our herd. We would have you leave this place as happy as you came to it.'" Eight horses darted off in pursuit; the missionaries were invited to take tea in the interim, and in two hours the strayed cattle were recovered. We should like to know in what other country travellers would be so treated.

Regal personages in these regions observe the characteristic simple manners of the country. Our pilgrims were pursuing their solitary way, when the tramping of many horses and the sound of many voices disturbed the silence of the desert. A large caravan belonging to the queen of Mourguevan overtook them, and a mandarin addressed them.

"Sirs, where is your country?"

"We come from the west."

"Through what districts have your beneficial shadows passed?"

"We have come from Tolon Noor."

"Has peace accompanied your progress?"

"Hitherto we have journeyed in all tranquillity. And you—are you at peace, and what is your country?"

"We are Khalkhas of the kingdom of Mourguevan."

After some other Oriental queries and answers, her majesty comes up. The cavalcade halted, and the camels formed into a semicircle, the centre being occupied by a close four-wheeled carriage.

* Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China, during the years 1844-5-6. By M. Huc. Translated by W. Haalitt, London. Republished by D. Appleton & Co.

Two mandarins, "decorated with the blue button," opened the door, and handed out the queen, who was attired in a long silk robe.

"Sirs Lamas," said she, raising her hands, "is this place auspicious for an encampment?"

"Royal pilgrim of Mourguevan," said we, "you may light your fire here in all security. For ourselves, we must proceed on our way, for the sun was already high when we folded our tent."

The Tartars are divided into two grand classes—lamas and laymen. The former act as priests, lawyers, physicians, painters, decorators, &c., and in fact monopolize every learned and liberal art and profession. Of course, they are held in high repute; and our travellers having, like Joseph Wolff, adopted sacerdotal costume, they were everywhere received with the honors and respect awarded to the indigenous clergy. It will duly appear, from subsequent illustrations, that mere ecclesiasticism did not secure the hospitality and kindness which they experienced at all hands; but even after making allowance for the national devotion to the cloth, the attentions showed by the Mongols are often marked by a delicate sense of the hospitable. On one occasion, M. Huc and his companions encountered an unusual storm of rain and wind. After travelling several weary miles, Samdad contrived to erect the tent in a place that, for the locality, was tolerable, but no more. "My spiritual fathers," observed the guide, "I told you we should not die to-day of thirst, but I am not at all sure that we don't run some risk of dying of hunger." In point of fact, there seemed no possibility of making a fire. There was not a tree, not a shrub, not a root to be seen. As to argols, the rain had long since reduced that combustible of the desert to a liquid pulp. The pilgrims were about to partake of the primitive fare of meal steeped in cold water—a cheerless beverage to three men drenched to the skin—when at the critical juncture up came two Tartars.

"Sirs Lamas, this day the heavens have fallen. You doubtless have been unable to make a fire."

"Alas! how should we make a fire! we have no argols."

"Men are all brothers and belong to each other; but laymen should honor and serve the holy ones; therefore it is that we have come to make a fire for you."

The fire soon blazed and crackled, and a hot repast speedily rejoiced the jaded frames of the two priests and the imp Samdad.

The domiciliary hospitalities of the Tartars are frank and artless, forming a marked contrast to the formal reception of strangers among the Chinese. "On entering, you give the word of peace, *amor* or *mendon*, to the company generally. You then seat yourself on the right of the head of the family, whom you find squatting on the floor opposite the entrance. Next, everybody takes from a purse, suspended at his girdle, a little snuff-bottle, and mutual pinches accompany such phrases as these: 'Is the pasturage with you rich and abundant?' 'Are your herds in fine condition?' 'Did you travel in peace?' 'Does tranquillity prevail?' The mistress then silently holds out her hand to the visitor. He as silently takes from his breast-pocket a small wooden bowl, the indispensable *cade mecum* of all Tartars, and presents it to the hostess, who fills it with tea and milk, and returns it." In higher families, a table is spread with butter, oatmeal, millet, cheese, all in small boxes of polished wood; and these luxuries are all mixed

in the everlasting tea. Amongst the uppermost aristocratic classes, fermented milk is preferred; but Europeans would perhaps regard this liquor as more honorable by being set aside than indulged in.

We now proceed to exhibit some traits of Tartar character, as developed in their intercourse with their Asiatic brethren. As usual, a horseman overtakes or meets the travellers; and, after the customary salutations, the missionaries inquired why he and his brethren did not cultivate corn, instead of allowing every field to run to grass.

"We Mongols," replied this stranger, "are formed for living in tents, and pasturing cattle. So long as we kept to that in the kingdom of Gehekten, we were rich and happy. Now, ever since the Mongols have set themselves to cultivating the land, and building houses, they have become poor. The *Kitats* (Chinese) have taken possession of the country; flocks, herds, lands, houses—all have passed into their hands. There remain to us only a few prairies, on which still live under their tents such of the Mongols as have not been forced by utter destitution to emigrate to other lands."

"But if the Chinese are so baneful to you, why did you allow them to penetrate into your country?"

"We took pity on these wicked Kitats, who came to us weeping, to solicit our charity. We allowed them, through pure compassion, to cultivate a few patches of land. The Mongols insensibly followed their example, and abandoned the nomadic life. They drank the wine of the Kitats, and smoked their tobacco on credit; they bought their manufactures on credit, at double the real value. When the day of payment came, there was no money ready, and the Mongols had to yield to the violence of their creditors, houses, lands, flocks, everything."

"But could you not seek justice from the tribunals?"

"Justice from the tribunals! That is out of the question. The Kitats are skilful to talk and to lie. It is impossible for a Mongol to gain a suit against a Kitat. Sirs Lamas, the kingdom of Gehekten is undone!"

After-experience amply corroborated the truth of these statements. "The commercial intercourse between the Tartars and the Chinese is revoltingly iniquitous on the part of the latter. So soon as the Mongols arrive in a trading town, they are snapped up by some Chinese, who carry them off, as it were, by main force to their houses, give them tea for themselves, and forage for their horses, and cajole them in every conceivable way. The Mongols take all they hear to be perfectly genuine, and congratulate themselves—conscious, as they are, of their inaptitude for business—upon their good-fortune in thus meeting with brothers *Ahaton*, as they say, in whom they can place full confidence, and who will undertake to manage their whole business for them. A good dinner, provided in the back-shop, completes the illusion—and when once the Chinese has established his hold, he employs all the resources of a skilful and utterly unprincipled knavery. He keeps his victim in his house, eating, drinking, and smoking one day after another, until his subordinates have sold all the poor man's cattle, or whatever else he has to sell, and bought for him in return the commodities he requires, at prices double and treble the market value. But so plausible is the Chinese,

and so simple is the Tartar, that the latter invariably departs with the most entire confidence in the immense philanthropy of the former, and with a promise to return, when he has other goods to sell, to the establishment where he has been treated so fraternally."

The missionaries were themselves mistaken for Tartars when they visited the "Blue Town," and every kind of imposition was attempted to be practised on them. The hotel scouts assailed them at their first entry, and almost compelled them, by physical force, to become their guests; shopkeepers cozened on all hands; and even bankers condescended to cheat. Messrs. Gabet and Huc wished to exchange silver for Chinese coin current. The Tartars can weigh, but cannot calculate, and accordingly the bank-teller of Blue Town, after gravely consulting his *souan-pan* (exchange-table) announced the value to be about a thousand *sapeks* less than it should have been. The missionaries remonstrated, and a colleague was called in to check the sum, but he, with due gravity declared that the first was right. A bystander interfered, and declared in favor of the strangers. "Sirs Lamas," said the banker, "your mathematics are better than mine." "Oh, not at all," replied we, with a profound bow; "your *souan-pan* is excellent; but who ever heard of a calculator always exempt from error?" These phrases were, it seems, rigorously required, under the circumstances, by Chinese politeness. Whenever any person in China is compromised by any awkward incident, those present always carefully refrain from any observation which may make him blush, or, as the Chinese call it, take away his face. A further proof of Chinese cupidity was afforded by the admission of a gentleman, whom we may take the liberty of denominating an Oriental bagman. This worthy arrived at an inn after our travellers had secured all the accommodation.

"Peace and happiness unto you, Sirs Lamas; do you need the whole of your room, or can you accommodate me?"

"Why not? We are all brothers, and should serve each other."

"Words of excellence! You are Tartars, I am Chinese; yet, comprehending the claims of hospitality, you act upon the truth that all men are brothers."

"Whither are you bound? Are you going to buy up salt or catsup for some Chinese company?"

"No; I represent a great commercial house at Peking, and I am collecting some debts from the Tartars. . . . You, like myself, are Tartar-eaters—you eat them by prayers, I by commerce. And why not? The Mongols are poor simpletons, and we may as well get their money as anybody else. . . . Oh, we devour them; we pick them clean! Whatever they see, when they come into our towns, they want; and when we know who they are, and where we can find them, we let them have goods upon credit of course at a considerable advance upon the price, and upon interest at 30 and 40 per cent., which is quite right and necessary. In China, the emperor's laws do not allow this; it is only done with the Tartars. Well, they don't pay the money, and the interest goes on until there is a good sum owing, worth the coming for. When we come for it, we take all the cattle and sheep and horses we can get hold of for the interest, and leave the capital debt and future interest to be paid next time, and so it goes on from one gener-

ation to another. Oh, a Tartar debt is a gold-mine!"

The yearly settlement of accounts amongst the Chinese furnishes another curious chapter in their commercial life. Bills are made up to the last few days of the year, "and every Chinese being at once debtor and creditor, every Chinese is hunting his debtors and hunted by his creditors. He who returns from his neighbor's house, which he has been throwing into utter confusion by his clamorous demands for what the neighbor owes him, finds his own house turned inside out by an uproarious creditor; and so the thing goes round. The whole town is a scene of vociferation, disputation, and fighting. On the last day of the year, disorder attains its height; people rush in all directions with anything they can scratch together to raise money upon at the broker's or pawnbroker's—the shops of which tradesmen are absolutely besieged throughout the day with proffers of clothes, bedding, furniture, cooking utensils, and movables of every description. Those who have already cleared their houses in this way, and yet have not satisfied the demands upon them, post off to their relations and friends, to borrow something or other, which they vow shall be returned immediately, but which immediately takes its way to the *tany-pon* or pawnbroker's. This species of anarchy continues till midnight, then calm resumes its sway. No one, after the twelfth hour has struck, can claim a debt, or even make the slightest allusion to it. You now only hear the words of peace and good-will; everybody fraternizes with everybody. Those who were just before on the point of twisting their neighbor's neck, now twine their friendly arms about it."

Tartar warriors and Tartar robbers are also peculiar to their kind. The warrior presents a curious combination of the national simplicity with the spirit of the ancient Gascon. Two of those military gentlemen gave a singular account of the war with the *Rebels of the South*, as the English are designated. They belonged to the Eight Banners, or army of reserve, and stated, that when at war the grand-master (the Emperor of China) first sent the Kitats against the enemy; next the banners of the Solon country are set in motion; and if they fail, then "we (the Tchakars) take the field, and the mere sound of our march suffices to reduce the rebels to subjection!" In the English war, the first two classes availed not, and then came the turn of the sacred order. "The Kitats told us everywhere that we were marching upon certain and unavailing death. 'What can you do against sea-monsters? They live in the water like fish; when you least expect them, they appear on the surface, and hurl the fire-bombs at you; while the instant your bow is bent to shoot them, down they dive like frogs.'" The third class was not to be intimidated; the lamas had opened the *Book of Celestial Secrets*, and predicted victory; and on they marched, till met with the intelligence that the rebels, hearing of the approach of this invincible legion, had sued for and obtained peace.

The robbers of this extraordinary territory are also entitled to claim credit for their share of eccentricity. "They are extremely polite; they do not rudely clap a pistol to your ear, and bawl at you, 'Your money or your life!' No; they mildly advance with a courteous salutation; 'Venerable elder brother, I am on foot; pray lend me your horse. I've got no money; be good enough

to lend me your purse. It's quite cold to-day; oblige me with the loan of your coat.' If the venerable elder brother charitably complies, the matter ends with, 'Thanks, brother!' but otherwise, the request is forthwith emphasized with the arguments of a cudgel; and if these do not convince, recourse is had to the sabre."

As a matter of course, Chinese thieves belong in contrast to the species of which the "Artful Dodger" may be regarded as the type. The *modus operandi* of Eastern appropriators is this: "Two of them, associated together for the purpose, hawk about various articles of merchandise—boots, skin-coats, bricks of tea, and what not. They offer these for sale to travellers. While one of them engages the attention of the destined victim by displaying his goods and bargaining, the other ferrets about, and pockets whatever he can lay his hands on. These rascals have inconceivable skill in counting your sapeks for you, in such a way as to finger fifty or one hundred of them without your having the slightest notion as to what is going on. One day, two of these little thieves came to offer for our purchase a pair of leathern boots. Excellent boots, said they—boots such as we would not find in any shop in the whole town; boots that would keep out the rain for days; and, as to cheapness, perfectly unexampled. If we missed this opportunity, we should never have such another. Only just before they had been offered 1200 sapeks for them! As we did not want boots, we replied that we would not have them at any price. Thereupon the acting merchant assumed a lofty tone of generosity. We were foreigners, we should have them for 1000 sapeks, 900, 800, 700. 'Well,' said we, 'we certainly don't want any boots just now; yet, doubtless, as you say, these are very

cheap, and it would be worth while to buy them as a reserve.' The bargain was accordingly concluded; we took our purse and counted out 700 sapeks to the merchant, who counted them over himself, under our very eyes, pronounced the amount correct, and once more laid the coin before us. He then called out to his companion, who was poking about in the court-yard; 'Here, I have sold these capital boots for 700 sapeks.' 'Nonsense,' cried the other; '700 sapeks! I won't hear of such a thing!' 'Very well,' said we; 'come, take your boots and be off with you!' He was off, and so quickly, that we thought it expedient to count our sapeks once more; there were 150 of them gone; and that was not all. While one of these rascals had been pocketing our money under our very nose, the other had bagged two great iron pins that we had driven into the court-yard for the purpose of our camels. Therefore, we took a resolution, better late than never, to admit in future no merchant whatever into our room."

We cannot sufficiently regret, that two travellers, who have furnished us with such interesting accounts of territories comparatively so little unexplored, should, after a brief sojourn, have been compelled to quit the scene of their labors. After eighteen months' travel, Messrs. Huc and Gabet arrived at the Thibetian town of Lha-Sa, where, under the protection of the local authorities, they remained unmolested for several weeks; but their presence excited the jealousy of Ki-Chan, the deputy of the Emperor of China, and at his instigation the nomekhan of Lha-Sa ordered them to quit. They ultimately settled at Macao in 1846, and there compiled the narrative from which we have been quoting.

From the National Era.

PICTURES.

I.

LIGHT, warmth, and sprouting greenness, and o'er all
Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether, raining down
Tranquillity upon the deep-hushed town,
The freshening meadows, and the hill-sides brown;
Voice of the west wind from the hills of pine,
And the brimmed river from its distant fall,
Low hum of bees, and joyous interlude
Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirting wood—
Heralds and prophecies of sound and sight,
Blessed forerunners of the warmth and light,
Attendant angels to the house of prayer,
With reverent footsteps keeping pace with mine—
Once more, through God's great love, with you I
share
A morn of resurrection sweet and fair
As that which saw, of old, in Palestine,
Immortal Love uprising in fresh bloom,
From the dark night and winter of the tomb!
Fifth month 2d, 1852.

II.

WHIRL with its sun-bleached dust the pathway winds
Before me; dust is on the shrunken grass,
And on the trees beneath whose boughs I pass;
Frail screen against the Hunter of the sky,
Who, glaring on me with his lidless eye,
While mounting with his dog-star high and
higher,
Ambushed in light intolerable, unbinds
The burnished quiver of his shafts of fire.

Between me and the hot fields of his South
A tremulous glow, as from a furnace mouth,
Glimmers and swims before my dazzled sight,
As if the burning arrows of his ire
Broke as they fell, and shattered into light!
Yet on my cheek I feel the Western wind,
And hear it telling to the orchard trees,
And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,
Tales of fair meadows, green with constant streams,
And mountains rising blue and cool behind,
Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams,
And starred with white the virgin's bower is twined.
So the o'erwearied pilgrim, as he fares
Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,
Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs
Of a serener and a holier land,
Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall bland.
Breath of the blessed Heaven for which we pray,
Blow from the eternal hills!—make glad our earthly
way!

J. G. W.

Eighth month, 1852.

THE loyal elegy which the heroic Marquis of Montrose wrote with the point of his sword, in honor of his master's memory, cannot be too often transcribed:—

Great! Good! and Just! Could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain
As it should deluge once again;
But since the loud-tongued blood demands supplies,
More from Briareus' hands than Argus eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

From the Tribune.

The History of the United States of America. By RICHARD HILDRETH. Vol. vi. 8vo. pp. 739. Harper & Brothers.

We may congratulate Mr. Hildreth on the successful completion of an important enterprise. He has accomplished his task with singular fidelity to the conception with which it was commenced. Few authors have ever adhered so strictly to the original plan of a voluminous work. Mr. Hildreth undertook to present a rigid narrative of events from the earliest developments of American history, until a period not far remote from our own times. Abstaining from philosophical analysis and generalization, and from the embellishments of rhetoric and poetry, he has aimed to give a coherent and accurate representation of facts. If this is not the highest sphere of historical composition, it still holds an honorable and conspicuous place in that department of literary effort. The service which Mr. Hildreth has thus rendered to the history of his country is of no ordinary character. To have performed it well, is no mean praise. He has thereby earned a genuine title to distinction. His work will form the primary manual for the intelligent student in this branch. As a key to American history, its use cannot be dispensed with. It will be referred to as a standard authority by the statesman and the politician. Every one should read it before the perusal of more elaborate works on the same subject. If, in its prevailing tone, it has somewhat of the dryness of a geometrical demonstration, it has also its clearness and accuracy and unmistakable point. The fascination of a romance, it certainly cannot claim; but no one can deny it the compactness and precision of a legal digest.

The volume before us comprises the period between the meeting of the Tenth Congress in 1807, and the close of the Sixteenth Congress in 1821—one of the most eventful portions of the history of the United States. The British Orders in Council, the Embargo, the War of 1812, the Hartford Convention, the Financial Embarrassments, the Missouri Question, and the Commencement of a New Era, are amongst the topics to which the volume is devoted. The author relates the facts in the case, with but little collateral discussion, and though not without strong political predilections, with prevailing fairness and impartiality.

In this volume, as in the preceding volumes, the narrative is occasionally relieved by portraits of public characters, most of which betray more acuteness of thought than beauty of delineation. The following sketch of Jefferson may be taken as an instance:

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

With the close of the Tenth Congress closed, also, Jefferson's administration. Indeed, he seemed inclined, in his private correspondence, to throw upon the incoming cabinet, to which, no doubt, it entirely belonged, the responsibility of the recent enactments. As the retiring president came into office, so he now left it, with a character very differently estimated by the two great political parties into which the nation was divided. Party animosity, indeed, so far from having been extinguished under his rule, as he had fondly anticipated, had broken out, especially of late, with new fury.

Judging, as the superficial mass of mankind always do, more by professions than by practice, by words than by deeds, the great body of the Democratic party

continued to look up to the retiring president, and all the active party leaders, whatever might be their private opinions, to seek to recommend themselves to party favor and confidence by extolling him—a practice continued by a large class of political demagogues, as well as by many sincere admirers, to this day—as the very personification of republican wisdom and virtue; entitled by his simplicity, his straightforward truth, his clear and candid judgment, no less than by his disinterested and earnest devotion to the rights of man, to implicit confidence; a confidence more that of religious devotees in some favorite saint, than the limited and guarded trust, which alone, according to republican maxims, ought ever to be placed in any political leader. Such, indeed, were the reverential sentiments, very generally expressed, not only in the Democratic newspapers, but in legislative resolutions, on the occasion of Jefferson's retirement from office.

The Federalists, on the other hand, together with a certain number of once leading republicans, did not hesitate to denounce the ex-president as an accomplished political Jesuit, wonderfully adroit to ascend the ladder of democratical power, but whose narrow policy and visionary imagination, the policy of an inland planter, the imagination of a pedant, disqualified him from redeeming, as sometimes happens, by skillful conduct of affairs, the base arts, the flattering of passions and stimulating of prejudices, by which he had risen to power.

Many previous acts of his administration, but especially the whole history of the Embargo, were quoted to prove him a hypocrite and base deceiver: totally forgetting, in practice, all his professed regard for the wisdom of the people; all his pretended reverence for public opinion; all his reiterated objections to stretches of executive authority; all his violently-urged attachment to a strict construction of the Federal constitution; all his anxiety that the general government should not trespass on the reserved rights of the States; all his objections in general, carried often to extremes, against legislative interference with the right of men to exercise their own judgment in the management of their own personal affairs.

Nothing, indeed, could have been less in accordance with Jefferson's political theories than to have thrust upon the country one of the most momentous measures which it was possible to adopt, involving the very livelihood of tens of thousands, without warning, without discussion, without the least opportunity to have the public opinion upon it; employing for that purpose a servile Congress, driven to act hastily in the dark, with no other guide or motive beyond implicit trust in the wisdom of the executive—and such a measure the Embargo, the most remarkable act of Jefferson's administration, unquestionably was. Yet it would be most rash and unjust to charge him or any man with political hypocrisy merely because, when in power, he did not act up to the doctrines which he preached in opposition. It is not in the nature of enthusiasm to hesitate or to doubt; and that very enthusiasm, though it had liberty and equality for its object, with which Jefferson was so strongly imbued, pushed him on, however he might theorize about the equal right of all to be consulted, to the realization of his own ideas with very little regard for opposing opinions. With all his attachment to theoretical equality, he was still one of those born to command, at least to control; brooking no authority but his own; and not easily admitting of opposition or contradiction, which he always ascribed to the worst of motives. In the feeling that he sought not selfish ends, but the good of the community, he found, like so many other zealous men, sanction for his plans, justification of his means, and excuse for disregarding the complaints and even the rights of individuals.

Yet, whatever defects of personal character, whatever amount of human weakness we may ascribe to Jefferson; however low we may rate him as a practi-

cal statesman ; however deficient we may think him even in manliness and truth ; however we may charge him with having failed to act in accordance with his own professed principles ; there remains behind, after all, this undeniable fact : he was—rarity, indeed, among men of affairs—rarity, indeed, among professed democratical leaders—a sincere and enthusiastic believer in the rights of humanity. And, as in so many other like cases, this faith on his part will ever suffice to cover, as with the mantle of charity, a multitude of sins ; nor will there ever be wanting a host of worshippers—living ideas being of vastly more consequence to posterity than dead actions passed and gone—to mythicize him into a political saint, canonized by throbbing wishes for themselves, and exalted, by a passionate imagination, far above the heads of contemporary men, who, if they labored, suffered, and accomplished more for that generation, yet loved and trusted universal humanity less.

As a specimen of Mr. Hildreth's descriptive style, we extract his account of

THE BATTLE OF BRIDGEWATER

After a three weeks' occupation at Queenstown, having heard how things stood at the other end of the lake, Brown again fell back behind the Chippewa, there to prepare, so he said, for the wild project of a forced march upon Burlington Heights. But the very next day the alarming news came that General Drummond, with large reinforcements from York, had arrived at Fort George, and that a strong force had crossed at Queenstown, destined against Brown's magazine at Schlosser—the very movement which Ripley had all along foreseen. As his only means of defending those magazines, and in hopes to draw back the enemy, who was supposed to have crossed with his main force, Brown directed an advance on Queens-town. He had already been deserted by his Indians, and his effective force was reduced now to less than 3,000 men. Scott led this reëdvance upon Queenstown with his own brigade and Towson's artillery, about 1,000 men ; but he had not proceeded above a mile from the Chippewa, when, about sunset, at Bridgewater, directly adjacent to the Falls of Niagara, he unexpectedly encountered the enemy. A wood concealed them from view, and Scott knew not their numbers. It was, in fact, Riall with his whole army, which had followed close in Brown's rear, with intent to attack him the next morning, and which now occupied a commanding height, crowned with a park of seven pieces. Major Jessup, who commanded one of Scott's regiments, being detached to gain and turn the enemy's left, the rest of the brigade passed the wood and deployed, when they fell under a terrible fire from the enemy's artillery, placed too high for Towson's guns to take much effect upon them. Thus exposed for an hour or more, the ranks of the regiments were broken, and their numbers greatly thinned ; near a third of the men had fallen ; but the enemy did not charge, and Scott still held on, hoping to be relieved by Brown.

Jessup meanwhile, encountering nothing but Canadian militia, who fled before him, had gained and turned the enemy's rear, where he succeeded in making many prisoners, among them General Riall himself, retiring wounded from the front ; also an aid-de-camp of Drummond's sent forward to communicate with Riall, from whom Jessup learned that Drummond, with most of the forces from York, was close behind, advancing to Riall's support. The British general was secured and sent to the American camp ; most of the other prisoners escaped, but not until they had been disarmed.

It being now quite dark, and the fire greatly slackened, Brown came up, with Ripley's brigade, which was ordered to interpose itself between Scott and the enemy. It was seen, in the course of this movement, that the British park of artillery, now

increased to nine pieces, was the key of his position, and Colonel James Millar was ordered to storm it. While the other regiments engaged the enemy in front, leading his battalion, partially covered by the fence of a church-yard, silently up the hill, Millar pushed the artillerists from their guns at point of the bayonet. Soon supported by the 23d regiment, which, though recoiling at first from the enemy's fire, Ripley had rallied and led up to the charge, after a severe but short struggle, the British infantry was driven back, the guns remaining in Ripley's hands. His whole brigade was now drawn up on the hill, supported on the right by Porter's volunteers, and presently joined by Jessup, who, in gradually making his way from the enemy's rear, had just encountered and routed a British battalion.

The British, reinforced by Drummond's arrival, presently rallied, and advanced in the darkness to recover their guns ; but they soon recoiled again before the terrible fire of those who held the hill. In about half an hour they advanced again ; but, after a short though severe conflict, during which Scott took them in flank with the remnants of his brigade, formed now into a single battalion, they were again driven back. Rallying again with desperate energy, a third and more obstinate attack was made, a perfect blaze of fire being kept up for half an hour, and the soldiers in many places crossing bayonets ; but still the Americans held the hill, replenishing their ammunition from the cartridge boxes of their fallen enemies.

It was now midnight. The British having retired for the third time, a profound silence ensued, interrupted only by the groans of the wounded and dying, and the monotonous roar of the great waterfall, moaning, as it were, over this fatal scene of fraternal strife and military glory. The men, utterly exhausted, were almost perishing with thirst. All the regimental officers were severely wounded ; also Brown and Scott, who now retired from the field. After waiting half an hour, with no renewal of attack, Ripley, who had been left in command, gave orders to collect the wounded men, and to withdraw to the camp. Vastly to Brown's vexation, the want of horses and the exhausted state of the men made it impossible to bring off the captured artillery, and, when the officer was sent back for that purpose, it was found that the enemy had reoccupied the hill. Excessively mortified, Brown ordered Ripley to march the next morning to recover the cannon. But not more than 1,600 men could be mustered, and those stiff from yesterday's exertions ; and Brown was at last induced, by Ripley's remonstrances, to recall his orders. Ripley, left again in command by Brown's retirement to be cured of his wounds, destroyed the bridge over the Chippewa, and a part of his stores, and retired to a point opposite Black Rock, whence he sent the wounded to Buffalo, whither Brown had himself gone. According to the official reports, there had been killed and wounded on the American side 748 men, on the British 878.

The judgment of history, according to Mr. Hildreth, rejects the pretensions of Madison to the character of a consistent statesman.

JAMES MADISON.

The political character of the retiring president sprang, naturally enough, from his intellectual temperament and personal and party relations. Phlegmatic in his constitution, moderate in all his feelings and passions, he possessed remarkable acuteness, and ingenuity sufficient to invest with the most persuasive plausibility whichever side of a question he espoused. But he wanted the decision, the energy, the commanding firmness necessary in a leader. More a rhetorician than a ruler, he was made only for second places, and therefore never was but second, even

when he seemed to be first. A Federalist from natural largeness of views, he became a Jeffersonian republican because that became the predominating policy of Virginia. A peace man in his heart and judgment, he became a war man to secure his reelection to the presidency, and because that seemed to be the prevailing bias of the republican party. Having been, in the course of a long career, on both sides of almost every political question, he made friends among all parties, anxious to avail themselves, whenever they could, of his able support; escaping, thereby, much of that searching criticism, so freely applied, with the unmitigated severity of party hatred, to his more decided and consistent compatriots and rivals.

Those ultra-federal democrats, who rose, by his compliance, upon the ruins of the old republican party, subscription to and applause of whose headlong folly in plunging the country into the war with England became, for so many years, the absolute test of political orthodoxy, found it their policy to drop a pious veil over the convenient weaknesses of a man, who, in consenting, against his own better judgment, to become, in their hands, a firebrand of war, was guilty of the greatest political wrong and crime which it is possible for the head of a nation to commit. Could they even fail to load with applause one whose federalism served as an excuse for theirs?

Let us, however, do Madison the justice to add, that, as he was among the first, so he was, all things considered, by far the ablest and most amiable of that large class of our national statesmen, become of late almost the only class, who, instead of devotion to the carrying out of any favorite idea or measure of their own, put up their talents, like mercenary lawyers, as too many of them are, to be sold to the highest bidder; espousing, on every question, that side which, for the moment, seems to offer the surest road to applause and promotion.

From the Examiner.

Journal of a Voyage in Baffin's Bay and Barrow's Straits in the Years 1850-51, performed by H. M.'s Ships Lady Franklin and Sophia, under the command of Mr. William Penny, in Search of the Missing Crews of H. M.'s Ships Erebus and Terror; with a Narrative of Sledge Excursions on the Ice of Wellington Channel; and Observations on the Natural History and Physical Features of the Countries and Frozen Seas visited. By PETER C. SUTHERLAND, M.D., M.R.C.S.E. Surgeon to the Expedition. Two vols., with Maps, Plates, and Wood Engravings. Longman and Co.

THESE are two volumes upon Arctic regions, one of five hundred and the other of six hundred pages in extent, making a work much longer than the writer had designed in the first instance, not on account of any taste for bookmaking, or any verbosity of style, but out of genuine abundance in the matter to be told. Excellent books abound now on the Arctic regions, and it might be thought that there is little left to tell of life near the North Pole with which the public is not perfectly familiar—especially little, one might say, for an observer who has no skill as a literary artist, and generally fails when he attempts, as he does not often attempt, to put his feelings upon paper. The truth, however, is, that by using his eyes well, and seeing everything, and telling all he sees without any struggle to make it lively or interesting by the force of pen, Dr. Sutherland has made his entire book so lively and so interesting by the force of truth, that we doubt whether any single work has

hitherto presented a picture equally minute of the peculiarities of life within the Arctic circle.

Dr. Sutherland was qualified to write as a medical man, observant beyond the average gift of his fraternity, and with a taste for observation of the most enlightened kind. Interest in natural history, and more especially in one of its most neglected branches, meteorology, has enabled the writer to give a great charm as well as a great value to his book. Among other matter, for example, it contains a meteorological journal, recording for every day spent within the Arctic circle the mean of eight readings of the Aneroid barometer, the reading of the barometer in the shade every three hours, and the mean daily temperature; the direction of the winds and their estimated force, together with the daily character of the weather, and of course also the position of the ship. There is, likewise, a register of tides kept in Assistance Harbor, Barrow's Straits, and there are reports in the appendix by competent naturalists on the specimens brought home in illustration of the botany, zoology, and geology of places visited.

In the course of the volume the writer's taste for natural history displays itself in the most agreeable form. Dr. Sutherland is not a man who would have shot the albatross.

The Arctic fox is often seen on the ice at a considerable distance from the land. I recollect seeing a poor creature adrift on a detached stream of ice in latitude sixty-eight degrees. He was running from side to side of the stream, appearing to be quite alive to the dangers of his situation, but he never attempted to take the water. The ship, in which I was at the time, was moored to a grounded iceberg, and as the stream came down against it, and was divided by it, I had an opportunity of throwing pieces of whale's krang on the ice, as it passed close by the ship's stern, and I saw the fox devouring a hearty meal, as soon as he had discovered them. It was very gratifying to me to think that my curiosity had led to some mitigation of the sufferings even of a poor fox.

These volumes acquire additional interest from the fact that the voyage which they describe is one of those which has of late years interested the world most, as the most successful of the searching expeditions that have been despatched in hope of sending rescue to our missing countrymen. The voyage of Captain Penny, or Mr. Penny, if we must not promote too high the master of a whaler, and the blue book that has arisen out of the collisions in opinion between Mr. Penny and Captain Austin, the genuine captain of her majesty's service, are still fresh; if anything that has got into a blue book can thereafter remain fresh in the public memory. The public has a strong opinion also that it is very much in debt to Mr. Penny. The public is disposed to think that his discoveries on Beechey Island, his exploration of Wellington Channel, and his longing look up the Queen's Channel over open water, have something in them that might have been fruitful of the best results, if her majesty's government, or her majesty's orthodox officers, could have been content to let such an unorthodox fellow as a whaling master keep the lead that he had taken. Having some notions of this kind the public will receive with interest a full and particular account of Captain or Mr. Penny's voyage, including his own journal of his sledging expedition, and the reports by Dr. Stewart, Mr. Goodsir, and Dr. Sutherland, of the expeditions from the ship in which they severally were concerned.

Such matter includes not only an unravelment to the full extent that is possible of the best existing clue to Sir John Franklin's track, but it includes also the interest that is attached to travels which involve discovery of places that have been unvisited before. For such details Dr. Sutherland's very minute account of the whole voyage will be sought by many readers. By others—naturalists—it will be sought as work that is in its whole extent interesting even when regarded solely from their points of view. Beyond these it has a charm for the most miscellaneous reader through the great abundance of its details and the vividness with which it therefore represents the condition of an Arctic voyager. In this respect a surgeon sailing under a commander who is bound by no rules of etiquette, and tied down to no regulations of the service, is much better placed than anybody who goes out under the fetters of a rigid discipline. We do not mean to find fault with navy discipline; but freedom of action is of course so far impeded by it, routine is so universal and etiquette so rigid, that there is less room for that free play of circumstance, out of the study of which knowledge is obtained.

For example :—

Since coming into winter quarters, and establishing regularity in the amount of labor exacted from the crews, the scale of victualling had undergone a modification, which resulted in a great saving of provisions, without reducing the daily allowance below what would be necessary in such a cold climate. It was always observed that in stormy weather, when the men could not engage in work or gymnastics, the amount of food consumed was considerably less; and since coming into winter quarters, although the temperature of the air had been forty or fifty degrees colder, there was less demand for food than during summer, when the labor which each had to endure was almost intolerable. In serving out provisions, our main object was to have the wants of the men supplied as adequately as possible; and as these depended entirely upon the amount of exercise taken, which varied very much at times, and upon the temperature, which also varied, the absurdity of establishing a scale of victualling for the whole year will be plain. In such a voyage as ours, where the object was to keep up health among the crews, without undue waste of the provisions, which could not be replaced, the plan which had been adopted was based upon the most correct principle, and any inefficiency that might attend its operation would depend entirely upon carelessness in keeping correct accounts of the stores as they might be expended. It is well known that, when seamen know that they are on strict allowance, they will continue to receive it, although it may be much more than they can use; but if they have an idea that their commander is desirous that they should have enough without waste, the person who serves out the stores to the cook receives intimation that their allowance is more than can be used. Perhaps such a system may appear to throw the ship's stores at the mercy of the crew, and without any doubt it does so; but it is on the safe side, and those in the merchant navy who have tried it can testify that there is a saving in it, of which they could have formed no idea. In the article of bread, in our expedition, the weekly allowance was six pounds, and, at that rate, we had enough for three years. It was served out every evening, but not weighed, and the result of the not weighing system was generally a saving of nearly a pound per man per week. Of course, such a system is opposed to the beautiful regulations of the navy, and one who consults order and regularity would never wish to see anything

superadded that might lead to anarchy; but, notwithstanding, it would be well to adopt some "sliding scale," which might have a safety-valve, both for the health of the crew, and the undue consumption of the provisions.

Upon the heating the cabins while in winter quarters, Dr. Sutherland writes :—

The safest temperature for men to live in on board ship during winter is about $+40^{\circ}$ or $+50^{\circ}$; but a range of from $+30^{\circ}$ to $+55^{\circ}$ may suit very well; and with it, in the main cabins, hoar-frost in the beds will never thaw if they are arranged along the ship's sides, where the beds are generally placed. It may appear exaggerated to state that the difference between the two temperatures to which we might be exposed alternately many times in the day throughout the winter, would, even with the above moderate, and in the eyes of some very low range, be greater than the change which a person would experience by being transferred from the severest winter in Great Britain to the hottest part of the intertropical regions. For example, in the cabin of the "Sophia" $+60^{\circ}$ might often be expected, and, in the open air, not unfrequently -40° would doubtless be felt before the end of winter. Between these two extremes there are 100 degrees—fully three times as much as the difference between the mean temperature of Great Britain and that of the tropics. But if the cabin should be heated up to $+72^{\circ}$ or more, and the air cooled down to -50° , which also may be expected, the two extremes would be found 122 degrees apart. Let 122° be added to $+38^{\circ}$, about the mean temperature of our winter months, and the result will be $+160^{\circ}$,—something unheard of, so far as I know, in the hottest tropical climate. This will explain the difference of temperature to which we were alternately exposed; and it will show that two distant extremes of heat and cold can be endured with impunity when there is little or no moisture present, and when those extremes are not owing to undue heating, but to low degrees of cold. It will also be clear, that nothing can hardly be more absurd than to increase the distance between these two extremes by the extravagant use of fuel, which ought to be used moderately, and is one of the most indispensable articles in an expedition in the Arctic Regions.

The following remarks upon the temperature of the ships are exceedingly suggestive, and may be taken as one among a thousand instances of the acute kind of observation in which these volumes abound.

The temperature of the ships varied a little from time to time, according to the force and direction of the wind and its temperature. In the apartment occupied by the crew, fifteen in number, on board the "Sophia," where there was a fire generally burning, it was about $+50^{\circ}$; but frequently it was below $+30^{\circ}$. The beds there, and the chinks of the partition between it and the main deck, often produced large quantities of ice; but this never did any harm, for it always continued in that state. I often observed the temperature of the air which rushed in at the lower part of the entrance of that place so low as -3° ; while that at the top was $+50^{\circ}$, rushing in an opposite direction; and about midway between the top and the bottom, within a space of four feet, that being the height of the entrance, there was a neutral point, in which the candle flame went neither out nor in, the lower part of it appearing to incline inward, while the upward inclined outward. In this there was a simple illustration of the phenomena of winds and typhoons, which rage across and devastate tropical countries. In the cabins of the "Sophia," and in the recesses, such as bed places, and lockers around them, the temperature frequently came down

to $+20^{\circ}$ or $+18^{\circ}$. This, however, was only in the parts "around" the cabins, where great quantities of ice accumulated; but in the two cabins it varied considerably. At the top it was often up to $+70^{\circ}$ or $+80^{\circ}$, while at our feet $+24^{\circ}$ was common. Sitting on the sofa in the small cabin, where there was a fire generally, although not constantly, a thermometer at the height of a person's head was $+50^{\circ}$; at his feet it was $+16^{\circ}$. From observing such differences, and knowing that there were still greater differences when the external air at -39° came into operation, we were very indifferent and careless about ventilation; for so long as the fires were kept up, and the funnels carried away the smoke and the heated air, the air within the ship would undergo renewal with sufficient activity.

Captain Penny's party had abundant experience in the intensity of cold, the temperature they endured falling at one period below the freezing point of mercury. Exercise in what an Arctic voyager would call cold weather produces extreme thirst and abundant exhalation from the skin, which of course freezes in the shape of hoar-frost under the clothes. Upon this subject Dr. Sutherland says:—

I believe the true cause of such intense thirst is the extreme dryness of the air when the temperature is low. In this state it abstracts a large amount of moisture from the human body. The soft and extensive surface which the lungs expose, twenty-five times or oftener every minute, to nearly two hundred cubic inches of dry air, must yield a quantity of vapor which one can hardly spare with impunity. The human skin throughout its whole extent, even where it is brought to the hardness of horn, as well as the softest and most delicate parts, is continually exhaling vapor, and this exhalation creates in due proportion a demand for water. Let a person but examine the inside of his boots, after a walk in the open air at a low temperature, and the accumulation of condensed vapor which he finds there will convince him of the active state of the skin. I often found my stockings adhering to the soles of my Kilby's boots after a walk of a few hours. The hoar-frost and snow which they contained could not have been there by any other means except exhalation from the skin.

To such thirst, snow in the mouth adds only fresh torments.

The use of snow when persons are thirsty does not by any means allay their insatiable desire for water; on the contrary, it appears to be increased in proportion to the quantity used, and the frequency with which it is put into the mouth. For example, a person walking along feels intensely thirsty, and he looks to his feet with coveting eyes, but his good sense and firm resolutions are not to be overcome so easily, and he withdraws the open hand that was to grasp the delicious morsel, and convey it into his parching mouth; he has several miles of a journey to accomplish, and his thirst is every moment increasing; he is perspiring profusely, and feels quite hot and oppressed; at length his good resolutions stagger, and he partakes of the smallest particle, which produces a most exhilarating effect; in less than ten minutes he tastes again and again, always increasing the quantity, and in half an hour he has a gum-stick of condensed snow, which he masticates with avidity, and replaces with assiduity the moment that it has melted away; but his thirst is not allayed in the slightest degree; he is as hot as ever, and still perspires; his mouth is in flames, and he is driven to the necessity of quenching them with snow, which adds fuel to the fire; the melting snow ceases to please the palate, and it feels like red-hot coals, which, like a fire-eater, he shifts about with his tongue, and swallows without the addi-

tion of saliva; he is in despair, but habit has taken the place of his reasoning faculties, and he moves on with languid steps, lamenting the severe fate which forces him to persist in a practice which in an unguarded moment he allowed to begin.

Here is another note in illustration of the old topic of Polar cold; which might be used with effect by any lecturer in illustration of a fact in natural philosophy:—

The sledge which I commanded had some of the nails in the iron on the runners started; by this our duties on the track-ropes became all the more difficult, and we often fell astern of the other sledges, in spite of our utmost efforts to keep up with them. The perspiration which flowed from us would really astonish a person already possessed of the idea that among ice, and exposed to low temperatures, we ought to feel cold. Thirst became unendurable, and the sledges had to be brought to a stand, to set the cooking vessels to work to prepare water. This was a feature in our travelling, for which no provision had been made in the way of fuel, and it was evident that what had been intended for only two meals a day could not prepare three. The tins which served as kettles required to be very carefully used; two were already thrown away as useless, from carelessness in putting in the snow when over the fire. Snow cannot be put in large quantities into a soldered vessel over the fire, at a temperature of something like -20° , for the water which the snow in contact with the bottom of the vessel produces becomes absorbed by the cold snow above it, and leaves the bottom of the vessel dry, in which state exposure to the heat of a flame, equal in size and heat to that of four or five candles, can hardly fail to melt the solder, and cause a leak.

This scientific habit of observation on the part of Doctor Sutherland causes these volumes in fact to be quite a mine of incident, that might be made richly available by writers or lecturers who desire to enliven and impress upon the mind their scientific theories by apposite anecdotes and illustrations. Of the masses of rock and shingle conveyed by icebergs and deposited upon their passage, Dr. Sutherland, among other matter, gives the following examples:—

At an elevation of from thirty to forty feet, on a comparatively level part of the west side of the island, we observed a block of granite without a single flaw, measuring sixteen feet in length, fourteen in breadth and twelve feet in height, and resting on the hard rock beneath, which presented quite a different structure. How it came there, and at what time, were questions, which could be solved by reference to the period in which the island was still beneath the waters of the ocean, which was then occupied, as it is now, by thousands of icebergs, carrying each, perhaps, thousands of tons of rock, and scattering it over the bottom of the sea, for many hundred miles' distance from the spot whence it had been received. The specific gravity of granite being 2.5, this block would weigh at least 186 tons; it would require a cube of ice, with a side of forty feet, to give it buoyancy in the water, and seven fathoms water to float it along. From this it may be easily conceived what an enormous mass of extraneous material, icebergs several miles in length and breadth, and drawing two to three hundred fathoms water, are capable of transporting from one place to another, without appearing to be in the least encumbered by it. Mr. Petersen told me that he once laid his nets for white whales in the month of October along the land where there were only a few fathoms water, and, having left them quite clear, he returned in a few hours to examine them, and, as may be supposed, was pleased to find that

some of the buoyant parts had disappeared under water; a sure sign, he thought, that the animals for which they were intended had been entangled in their meshes, and had died, and sunk to the bottom. He proceeded at once to haul them in, but, to his astonishment, they did not contain a white whale, but an enormous boulder, which he found it impossible to move on the bottom, or to disentangle; and the only way by which he recovered part of his net, was to cut away the portion of it in which the boulder lay. A small berg had been observed in the neighborhood, which, in passing, took the opportunity of dropping one of its jewels into the nets.

The following remarks, again, on the growth by the ships' company of mustard and water-cresses while in their winter quarters, could have come only from an intelligent observer:—

Water-cresses and mustard were reared with great care, and they were very highly prized. Several stems were examined, and found to be four to five inches in length. The proportion of water which the young plants contained was so great, that one could hardly expect to derive great benefit from a few ounces of them every week. A portion was exposed to a temperature of $+90^{\circ}$ to $+100^{\circ}$, until it ceased to lose weight by further exposure; the remainder, containing all the antiscorbutic and nutritious properties of the plant, amounted to 6.5 per cent., which was not nearly one half the weight of the seed that had been used; the 93.5 which escaped, unfortunately happened to be water. I tried the same experiment several times with both mustard and cress, so that I might, if possible, receive favorable impressions with respect to the gardening; but the results were invariably the same, for the water which escaped by evaporation often exceeded 93 per cent. I could hardly credit that a plant grown in the dark, and destitute of every trace of green, containing such a large proportion of water, and almost insipid, with the exception of the acrid principles of the seed and its essential oil, could possess virtues worthy of the slightest confidence. The young plants were less acrid than the seed, and the essential oil had almost all disappeared; their weight, too, was about half the weight of the seeds which produced them.

From so intelligent a witness, satiated as we are with codfish out of the troubled waters in which Lord Derby and his clumsy men go fishing, we may be willing to hear something of what might be done about the Reefkoll Bank in Davis' Strait:—

In the end of May, and in June and July, cod-fishing can be carried on in this part of the Strait with great advantage. I have known four lines, double-hooked, haul up upwards of six hundred fish in the course of four hours. The lines were many times not permitted to reach the bottom until they had hooked the fish, and required to be hauled in. Halibut (*Hippoglossus vulgaris*) is also very abundant. The cod-fishing vessels, which visit Davis' Strait every season, use the halibut to bait their hooks; but the half of what is caught cannot be required for that purpose; so that this fish often comes in for the fishermen's food, while fresh, or it is thrown overboard. We have great reason to regret that it is not in our power to establish curing and drying stations along the coast; for, were this practicable, the excellent fish, with which those seas abound, could be brought into our markets at a higher remuneration, than fish similarly cured on the coast of Newfoundland. Some of the numerous islands along the coast are particularly well adapted for this purpose; the sanction of the Danish government would be easily obtained, as it would not at all interfere with the settlements along the west coast of Greenland. It often occurred to me

that the ships, after killing and salting forty thousand, or as many cod-fish as could well be taken, might "seek across" the Strait to its western shore; this might be reached in a day or two, according to the state of the ice, and in this case they could engage in drying the fish and preparing it for the market, before thorough saturation with salt could possibly have happened. I do not think this plan has ever been tried; but until some such system be fully carried out, it is very improbable we shall be able fully to appreciate the importance due to Davis' Strait, and the superiority of the fish frequenting its banks.

We have not quoted from these volumes any part of the account of Mr. Penny's discoveries. Their general character is so familiar to the public, and their whole matter so interesting, that having shown how accurate and intelligent a reporter they have found in Dr. Sutherland, we think we do best in leaving him to tell the tale through his own volumes to our readers. There is no new light thrown on the questions previously existing, but Captain Penny's voyage is narrated very faithfully and very ably, so that it will be travelled over again with hearty interest by many readers who sit quietly at home with the journal of Dr. Sutherland before them.

From the Spectator.

SUTHERLAND'S JOURNAL OF PENNY'S VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF FRANKLIN.

Of the four expeditions that started in 1850, in search of Sir John Franklin—the American, the vessel under the command of the veteran Sir James Ross, the squadron of steamers and sailing-vessels, and Mr. Penny's—the last undoubtedly was the most satisfactory in its results, especially when its paucity of means compared with those of the larger government expedition is considered. This was chiefly owing to the long experience of Mr. Penny in command of a whaler, and to his faith. That habitual faculty, which in practical matters supersedes reason and almost seems instinct, enabled him to see and seize opportunities of action among the ice which many men would have lost, and to jump to just conclusions as to the course to be pursued, when even he could give no reason for his decision, except his experience. It was this faculty which sometimes enabled him in ice-fields to beat Captain Austin's vessels in spite of steam, and to penetrate as far as they did. His exploration of Wellington Channel, his discovery and partial examination of the gulf beyond, were mainly owing to a belief, which it seems he could not convey to others, that Franklin had taken that course. This trusting faith of the hardy seaman forms a strong contrast to the more critical conclusion of Captain Austin. That officer appears to have formed an early opinion either that Franklin's ships could not be reached at all, or not from the direction of Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound; but that, whether they could or could not, it was quite impracticable for any of the vessels then in Barrow's Strait to render them assistance. This opinion was probably the correct one; Penny himself seems to have entertained it in spite of his wishes. When he first came upon the water beyond Wellington Channel, at a place called from that circumstance Point Surprise, he gave spontaneous utterance to his thoughts. "The moment I passed over Point Surprise, the expression that escaped me was, 'No one will

ever reach Sir John Franklin; here we are, and no traces are to be found;" so we returned to the sledges very much disappointed." And a similar feeling arose after he had brought his boat to the water, and was finally compelled to return, from failure of provisions.

I erected a cairn, and took another view of the expanse of water that was before my eyes—Oh, to have been here only with my two little vessels! what could we not have done in the way of search! But I greatly fear, if we had, the missing ships are beyond our reach. That there is a large Arctic sea beyond this channel, in which the ice is constantly in motion, there can be no doubt; for where could all the ice have gone to? where does the comparatively fresh drift-wood come from? It must be from America or Siberia, and that through a body of drifting ice. Had Sir John Franklin left documents, surely he would have done so upon this headland, or Dundas Island. We found none; Mr. Stewart was in the same state; we were all in the same predicament as when winter-quarters were discovered by us in August, 1850. At midnight we turned into our sleeping-bags.

Still, although Captain Austin may have been right in his determination to return, the critical or sceptical faculty is not the faculty for action. More, perhaps, he might not have done by persevering in the direction of Melville Island than his boats had already accomplished; but it is to be regretted that he did not, when the water was clearing in Barrow's Straits, attempt to send his steamers in a westerly direction. It is in taking immediate advantage of temporary openings and calm weather, that steam would seem to be of use in Arctic navigation. It is evident that it is of little permanent avail, since those ships which had no assistance from steam got as far as those which were assisted.

The voyage out through Davis' Strait and the Eastern side of Baffin's Bay—the attempt to penetrate Jones' Sound, and the passage through Lancaster Sound to Assistance Harbor, near the entrance to Wellington Channel—are interesting from Dr. Sutherland's observations upon nature, and his descriptions of the incidents of the voyage, though these resemble other northern voyages. The narrative of the writer's winter sojourn and the return owe their attraction to the same causes. The great feature of the voyage, and that which most fully displays the indomitable endurance and cheerful courage of the British sailor, is the exploration of Wellington Channel, and the water beyond it, now named Queen's Channel. The first was thoroughly explored, and the shores of the Queen's Channel surveyed for some distance by sledge-parties working over the ice; while Penny, as soon as he discovered open water, returned to the ships for a whale-boat to traverse the tempting sea. This gallant effort was to a great extent baffled by the weather. For a month the wind was almost constantly adverse, blowing the loose ice that was floating in Queen's Channel, and the supposed sea beyond it, into the straits formed by several islands that separate Wellington from Queen's Channel, and blocking them up. Here the party remained examining the land when the water was entirely closed, or the sea too dangerous to venture upon, but launching their boat whenever a chance of getting on occurred. In all these explorations, there is a continual exhibition of what men can be trained to undergo, and undergo cheerfully; hard labor in dragging sledges

over surfaces that the landsman would find it difficult to move upon; hardships in wading through slush and water, sleeping upon snow, and faring coarsely; suffering from cold, wet, frost-bites, and snow blindness. Yet, except when a weaker constitution occasionally gave way, all was borne cheerily, and privation or hardship made a joke of.

Of the different narratives of this search, that of Mr. Penny, inserted in a distinct chapter, is the most interesting, from the hopes that are excited, and the mystery hanging over the unexplored waters. It has also a further feature, as bringing out the ardent, unaffected, transparent character of the mariner. We have already quoted his first thoughts touching his power of reaching Franklin, and similar displays are frequent in his journal. But it has matter of deeper interest, both as regards danger and the striking scenes of Arctic nature. It was their custom to empty their boat to sleep in, after hauling it into a place of safety; which, however, was not always secure.

Wednesday, July 2d.—The first few hours of morning we had a partial breeze from the eastward, which brought the ice out of the channel. It came tearing along the land at a fearful rate, turning up immense hummocks in its progress. I felt very restless and could not sleep. The boat began to move a little. I took it into my head that there was a bear outside. My hand was upon my pistol, and all ready for action; I put out my head beneath the lower edge of the covering of the boat, and it was well I did so at the time, for immense hummocks were tumbling over and over, with the pressure, within a few yards of us. No one waited to put on his clothes, for each flew to the provisions, and conveyed them up to the face of the precipice, and then to the boat to attend to its safety. The ice on which it rested was broken into several pieces, and thrown very much from its level, by the pressure among the hummocks around it. In the middle of the channel it was truly fearful, and could be compared to nothing but an earthquake. Some pieces were rising to a height of twenty feet, and tumbled down with tremendous crashing and rending. We again turned in beneath our covering; but little sleep was obtained, for every one was peeping from beneath the housing-cloth.

The observations of Dr. Sutherland on glaciers, icebergs, their transport and dissolution, contain many valuable facts in relation to geology. A scene singular in itself, and showing how soil and its contents may readily be carried to ice, and thence transported seaward, took place in Assistance Harbor, when the warmth of summer assisted by rain had accumulated water and partially melted the snow.

July 6th.—The heavy rain of the preceding night caused an accumulation of water in some of the lakes around Assistance Bay, which the snow in the water-courses leading from them was unable to dam up any longer. There had been some water making its way to the sea from the lakes through the ravines which were full of snow, but it was not in great quantity, for the channel which it had established for itself was not sufficient to carry it off in due proportion to the accumulation in the reservoirs above. Probably there might have been a temporary blocking up of the channel by snow, which would certainly account for the accumulation. At an early hour in the morning we were roused by the sound of an advancing stream. A small lake on the east side of the harbor burst open the barrier of snow which opposed its exit from its tranquil bed, and its contents dashed with impetuous violence to the harbor, carrying masses of snow from the sides of the ravine through

which it had to seek its way. A portion of the harbor was inundated, but a wide crack in the ice permitted the water to pass through without spreading over the whole harbor. At the part where the water issued from the beach, the ice was covered with blocks of snow, five or six feet high. This ought to give an idea of the depth of water which would be necessary to float such huge masses. However, all these blocks did not float down; for their course was of a more destructive character both to themselves and the bottom of the stream. Standing at the border of the roaring stream, which we knew would not continue above a few hours, we could watch the descent of the large cubes of snow as they were hurried along—now coming to a stand and damming up the water as it went foaming over them; now sliding along the bottom, as if they were reluctant to leave the place which had afforded them shelter for so long a time; and now rolling over and over, until they came to a dead stand by the water shallowing as its surface became more extensive. We visited the lake, and found that it was almost dry. Its situation was one favorable to a violent débâcle, such as we had just witnessed. In the evening a similar occurrence took place on the opposite side of the harbor, but of much greater extent. A chain of small lakes beyond Prospect Hill burst open, and, rushing with great violence along the hitherto almost dry water-course, tearing up masses of rock, and bearing down a burden of white mud set free among the rolling stones at the bottom, they spread their contents over the whole of the harbor; for there was no crack in the ice which could transmit such a large body of water into the sea. The sounds of running streams had become so familiar to our ears that no notice was taken of this sudden discharge, until a person went on deck, and exclaimed, that the ice in the harbor had all disappeared, except the hummocks, which were still to be seen above the surface of the water. "Surely," he continued, "the ice must have sunk." A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that it was all a delusion. The white color of the water thus spread over the ice in the harbor appeared in very striking contrast with the blue sea in the offing. On the following day it had all disappeared, and the ice through which it had percolated was covered with a coating of the mud which it had brought down.

The following is a sample of risks in returning from a visit in the Arctic regions:—

Mr. Stewart, who accompanied Captain Ommanney and his party to Griffith's Island, said that they narrowly escaped being drifted down Barrow Straits, after the boat was sent back by them, having reached the floe, over which they intended to travel to the ships. The weather was very thick, and as they thought that a short cut could be made across the ice, which I told them was only four miles in breadth to the ships, they disembarked and commenced their march. After they had been travelling three hours, I believe, in what they thought was the direction of the ships—for they could not see above three hundred yards through the mist, they came to the north edge of the ice, and found a lane of water extending from east to west, about three to five hundred yards in breadth; so broad, indeed, that they could only catch a faint glimpse of the ice on the opposite side. They must have looked into one another's faces, when they were thus arrested in a thick mist on a drifting floe. However, "*nil est desperandum mortalibus*": they looked first at one another, and then up and down for a fragment of ice of sufficient dimensions to ferry them across to the opposite side. In this too they were almost foiled, for the floe on which they stood presented a straight edge, with hardly a single loose fragment. At length, by dint of perseverance, a detached piece was found that appeared suitable; and on this the whole party I think of five persons, embarked, first

stripping to a single covering, that they might be in readiness to save themselves by swimming, if the frail boat to which they intrusted their lives should yield them up to the deep blue water by which it was borne. They used their guns as paddles, and the utmost caution was observed lest a sudden motion should upset them: each took his place, and dared not move from it, although his feet, protected only by stockings, were excruciatingly cold. It would be difficult to know whether they were shivering from cold or fear. Stewart told me that one of the party said, on reaching and landing on the opposite ice, "Thank God! that makes one think of his wife and weak family." They arrived at the squadron in a short time; and so terminated safely, like all the others, one of the visits to Assistance Harbor.

A school was one mode of passing the winter. Dr. Sutherland's remarks upon the scholars have a metaphysical interest, as well as that of a picture of man in strange circumstances.

The school was conducted four nights in the week, and three hours each night, in the half-decks, by the medical officers of both ships; and, generally speaking, the men appeared to be very desirous to improve in the various branches of a common school education. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, were attended to, and occasionally geography was introduced. Some of them were really very ignorant; and those were the persons who were least desirous to learn anything that cost them an effort. It was heartless work for the man of thirty-five, who had been married for fifteen years, to sit for hours together poring over the simplest arithmetical calculations. There were about a dozen in the *Sophia* who gave fair promise that before winter was over they should be able to work a lunar distance or navigate a ship to any part of the world. They all appeared to be interested in geography; and although we were very deficient in geographical books and maps, having only one very old map of the world, and a single copy of that excellent work, "*Johnston's Physical Atlas*," which did not belong to the ship, it was astonishing with what facility a very correct idea of the form of the earth, the distribution of land and water, the sources, directions, and terminations of the rivers, the mountain chains, with their heights, the extent and boundaries of kingdoms, the distribution of heat and cold, of animals, and of the varieties of the human race, was obtained by persons who could hardly sign their names, when practical illustrations of the various subjects were made.

It was found that much good was to be done by bringing geography before them; for generally, after they were left by their teachers, discussions were commenced, whether Cape Horn is an island, or the Chinese are all Romanists like the Mexicans, and whether the crocodiles of the Nile and the alligators of the Mississippi are the same species of animals; and it was often necessary to reply to their interrogations, and to settle disputes, upon which had been exhausted all the experience they could accumulate in the fore-castle, where there were persons who had been in all parts of the world.

This is a striking natural picture—the dissolution of an iceberg in Baffin's Bay.

From four o'clock in the morning till ten, for six hours, our attention was continually attracted by the thundering noise and convulsive motions of an iceberg, which happened to be crumbling to pieces in the act of changing its position in the water. It was of immense size, not less than two hundred and fifty feet above the surface of the water, and half a mile in length and breadth. It could be compared to a cube, each of the sides of which would measure half a mile. The upper surface was perfectly horizontal, but pre-

sented a rough pinnacled appearance, as if a number of rough, irregularly pointed, conical eminences, varying from twenty to thirty feet in height, had been closely planted side by side on it. The sides were perfectly perpendicular, and almost quite straight; but they appeared to be a little fissured, as if the depressions between the pinnacles had been continued a little downwards, in the form of cracks or narrow crevices.

When an immense iceberg begins to tumble to pieces and change its position in the water, the sight is really grand, perhaps one that can vie with an earthquake. Masses inconceivably great, four times the size of St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey, are submerged in the still blue waters, to appear again at the surface, rolling and heaving gigantically in the swelling waves. Volumes of spray rise like clouds of white vapor into the air all round, and shut out the beholder from a scene too sacred for eyes not immortal. The sound that is emitted is not second to terrific peals of thunder, or the discharge of whole parks of artillery. The sea, smooth and tranquil, is aroused, and oscillations travel ten or twelve miles in every direction; and if ice should cover its surface in one entire sheet, it becomes broken up into detached pieces, in the same manner as if the swell of an extensive sea or ocean had reached it. And, before a quiescent state is assumed, probably two or three large icebergs occupy its place, the tops of some of which may be at an elevation of upwards of two hundred feet, having in the course of the revolution turned up the blue mud from the bottom at a depth of two to three hundred fathoms.

So many accounts of Arctic Expeditions have been published within the last thirty years, that even their strange and striking scenes have lost something of their novelty. Interest as well as variety, however, are given to Dr. Sutherland's narrative by the pursuits of the author. The profession of medicine and a taste for natural history not only directed his attention to the hygienic circumstances of the voyage and the wintering, as well as to the many rare facts in natural history that such a voyage would produce, but they have colored the work by constant pictures of external nature. This feature continually varies the monotony of a sea-voyage by exhibiting some of the wonders of the deep, and gives animation to the barrenness of the Arctic regions by calling attention to the vegetable, insect, and animal life, with which the most rigorous regions are teeming at times.

From Chambers' Journal.

A DAINY DISH.

AMONG the variety of curious insects which are common to tropical climates, the groogroo worms of the West Indies may be considered particularly interesting. From the peculiar manner in which they are produced, and from the circumstance of their constituting a choice article of food for man, they become entitled to some attention.

The groogroo worm—so called because it is found in a species of palm vulgarly called the groogroo—is the larva of a large-sized beetle, the *Prionus*, which is peculiar to the warm latitudes of America. With the exception of a slight similarity about the region of the head, the worm bears no resemblance to the parent beetle. When full grown, it is about 3½ inches in length, having the body large and turgid, and increasing in circumference from the head towards the opposite extremity. The head is of a corneous, opaque

substance. It has neither eyes nor the rudiments of the antennæ which distinguish the beetle tribe. It is, however, provided with the mandibles and other oral apparatus of the mandibulate group of insects, and it is only in this feature that any connection with the beetle can be traced. The trunk is precisely that of a worm; it consists of many closely-knitted segments, which are possessed of an extraordinary contractile power. It bears no mark which would indicate a future metamorphosis into a beetle. There is no sign of a future division into thorax and abdomen. There are no rudiments of wings or feet, as the under surface of the body presents exactly the same appearances as the upper. At the posterior extremity of the worm, however, there is a small horny termination, something like the hinder part of a leech. The organs are exceedingly simple, the digestive being the most developed. Albumen is the substance which composes its body, and its blood is of a greenish tint. With a motion similar to that of the earthworm, it perforates with extraordinary rapidity into the substance of the tree in which it is found.

When the moon is at her full, the gatherer of worms enters a neighboring wood, and selects a young *palmiste* tree. This is a tree of the palm order, exceedingly stately and graceful, growing sometimes to the extraordinary height of eighty feet. From the roots upwards, it has not a single branch or shrubby excrecence, but grows beautifully smooth and straight, tapering towards the top. At its top, an abundance of the richest and most beautiful leaves spread out in graceful symmetry, and bend down on all sides, forming a figure like an umbrella; while the young leaf, still firm and compact in its foliar envelope, is seen standing erect in the centre of this foliage, like a lightning-conductor.

When a promising palmiste is found, the gatherer makes an incision into it with a cutlass or a hatchet. This incision is generally in the figure of a half-moon, with the base of the semicircle downwards, and the wound increasing in depth in that direction, so as to expose effectually the flesh of the tree. When this is done, the gatherer marks the locality, and leaves the tree, which he does not revisit for a considerable time. When the moon is in her wane, he returns and examines his palmiste. If the young leaf, together with the others, begins to show a yellow tinge at its extremity, and if, on application of his ear to the trunk, a hollow, rumbling noise is heard within, he concludes that the worms have attacked the vital parts, and the tree is immediately cut down; but if these symptoms are absent, the tree is left standing until they appear. The gatherer, however, must now visit the tree frequently, because the transition of the insects is so rapid, that almost immediately after the appearance of the yellow tinge the whole would disappear. When the tree is felled, a square portion of the bark is cut out longitudinally from the original incision upwards, and its fibrous texture laid open. Myriads of worms are then seen voraciously devouring their way through the substance. In capturing them some degree of dexterity is necessary, both to protect one's self from the mandibles of the insects, which inflict a painful bite, and also to save time, by preventing them from burrowing out of sight. When the worms are taken, they are placed into a closed vessel, where they continue to retain their activity and vigor.

The number that can be procured from a single tree depends altogether upon the season in which it is wounded. If the moon is at her full, they are generally numerous and good—many thousands being found in an ordinary young tree of 25 feet in height. If a few succeed in eluding the gatherer, they do so only to become a prey of as voracious animals; for the wild hogs, or *quencos*, of the forest relish much the soft substance of the palmiste when in a state of decomposition. It never happens, therefore, that much time passes before they discover any palmiste-tree that has been felled; and, as soon as night sets in, they flock in numbers to the spot and devour the whole substance. A gathering of worms, therefore, brings a hunt of *quencos*; and the gatherer, when his first business is over, chooses a convenient tree, where he places himself in ambush. Seated on a cross branch, he awaits the coming of the animals.

It is difficult to form an idea of the peculiar excitement of this midnight sport in the thick woods of a tropical country. The usual stillness of the night, and the solitude of the wilderness—the croaking of the night-birds, the movement of every leaf, animated as it is by the myriads of nocturnal insects that fill the atmosphere—the brilliant and fleeting fire-flies traversing the gloom—the strange animals wandering in their nightly prowlings—the approach of the grunting hogs, and the incidents of the hunt; all these things, combined with the idea of isolation when a man finds himself alone in the wilds of a scarcely pervious forest, create an inexpressible feeling of mingled fear, pleasure, and anxiety.

Before the worms are cooked, they are, each in its turn, carefully pricked with an orange-thorn, and thrown into a vessel containing a sauce of lime-juice and salt. This is for the purpose of cleansing them from the viscid fluid they may have imbibed from the palmiste. Notwithstanding this discipline, the worms retain their vitality till they are deprived of it by the culinary process. The simpler mode of dressing them is to spit a number together on a piece of stick or a long orange-thorn, and roast them before the fire in their own fat. The general mode, however, is by frying them with or without a sauce, and when dressed in this manner, they form a most savoury dish.

Groogroo worms are considered great delicacies in some parts of the West Indies, chiefly in those whose inhabitants are of French or Spanish origin. The good old planter at his table presents you with a dish of worms, with as much pride as an epicure in England introduces you to cod-sounds, eels, or high venison. Nor does it appear that there is any peculiarity in the taste of those who relish the insects; because it very frequently happens that the stranger, who manifested on his arrival the greatest disgust at the idea of eating worms, becomes immediately converted into an extravagant lover of them.

It may appear strange, that, in the tropics, especially, where nature provides so abundantly for the wants of man, such creatures should be resorted to as articles of consumption; but while we on this side of the Atlantic are shocked at the idea of eating worms, the West Indian consumer in his turn expresses surprise that human beings can use things which resemble snakes so much as eels, and pronounces it to be the height of uncleanness to eat frogs, as some of the continentals do. Indeed, the groogroo worm is by no means more

repulsive in appearance than any of the other unprepossessing creatures which are so highly prized. It would be a difficult matter to decide on the merits of the many extraordinary things which the taste of man, in its morbid cravings, has discovered and converted into luxurious use; and the philosopher finds himself at last driven to take shelter from his own unanswerable inquiries behind the concluding power of that most true, but somewhat musty proverb: "*De gustibus non est disputandum.*"

From the Times, 26th August.

FISHING BOUNTIES.

IN one of the Western States of America, before civilization had entirely conquered nature, considerable annoyance was experienced from the multitude and ferocity of the indigenous bears, and to such a pitch did the evil arise that it was taken under the immediate cognizance of the local government. With the view of accelerating the extinction of this troublesome tribe, these authorities resorted to the ingenious and highly popular machinery of "bounties"—that is to say, they promised to pay from the common treasury a certain sum for every bear's head that was produced. To be sure, it was already the interest of every man to lend his best aid to the extirpation of a plague from which he, as well as all the rest, was suffering, and, if the work properly pertained to the people, it could hardly be requisite to pay the people for doing it. However, the terms were published, and the coffers of the State were pledged to a fixed premium upon slaughtered bears. The new pursuit thus opened was followed with alacrity by a good many woodsmen, but to none did it appear so profitable as to a certain citizen, highly distinguished for his intelligence, but not hitherto remarkable for excellence in sportsmanship. At last the steady and increasing supply of bears' heads from this quarter attracted some close inquiry, when it was discovered that the producer had been privately breeding the animals to a very large extent. The "bounty" awarded by the State was sufficient to render bears a profitable agricultural stock, and was accordingly made instrumental in perpetuating the identical race it was designed to extinguish. On the practice being denounced as unlawful, the premiums being withdrawn from this home manufacture, the proprietor, it is said, at once turned his whole stock into the woods, and thus supplied the neighborhood with rather more bears, upon the whole, than they had enjoyed before the first experiment of "bounties."

Whether this story is either very true, or only very well imagined, we are not much concerned to decide; but if any reader is inclined to dismiss the former supposition as intrinsically unlikely, we can help him to a fact of the present day which is very little behind the American anecdote. The French government pays a "bounty" upon the capture of herrings, not, indeed, with a desire to sweep the sea of these savory little creatures, but with the "higher aim," as it is termed, of fostering a hardy school of mariners. It appears that these prize scholars repair to the British shores to fish, but as the work comes by no means so naturally to them as it does to us, they are in the habit of purchasing herrings from our Scarborough and Yarmouth sailors, and presenting them for payment as their own proper and original produce. So notorious has this practice become, that over-

seers are now appointed to secure the government in fair play; and at this very moment a fine French steamer of war, with a couple of tenders, is stationed off Shields—not to protect, as Mr. Webster would express it, "the hook and line, bob and sinker" of these honest fishermen, but to keep a watch over their doings, and see that they perform the part for which they are paid. On the whole bargain, therefore, the French government first pays a gratuitous "bounty" on the take of fish, which are not taken by the alleged takers; next, provides an encouragement extraordinary for the very rivals which it is aiming to surpass; and, finally, in order to stop the cheat, is obliged to find men-of-war to prevent its own traders from defrauding its own exchequer. A more delightful illustration of protection it would be hard to find.

This is the species of favor for which our North American colonies have recently been petitioning. It is said that their fishermen ought to have "bounties;" that is to say, that, over and above the natural inducements to take fish for sale, there should be a special premium on every cod's head and shoulders, payable by the State. Nothing less, it is declared, will put the colonists on a level with the Americans, and maintain that "hardy school of mariners" to which we must resort in the contingency of war. Now, it should be understood—if, indeed, there can be any misconceptions after the late discussion of the subject—that the fisheries lie off our own coasts, and not off the coasts of our neighbors; that three miles' space, measured from the shore, is secured to us absolutely; and that to the more distant grounds of the north we are many leagues nearer than the Americans. The consequence of these advantages is that our fishermen can employ a smaller class of vessels than their rivals, and thereby start with a less expensive outfit. The best fishing-grounds lie at their very doors, and they can use light, manageable nets with great effect. It was urged, too, by Mr. Everett, in his note to Lord Aberdeen, that all the rough materials of the trade—such as timber and iron, canvass and cordage, hooks and lines—were cheaper in the colonies than in the states, and that the former were notoriously favored in all facilities for salting and curing. It was in consideration, indeed, of the superiority thus enjoyed by the colonists that the protective duties of the states were instituted—an arrangement by which the Americans are saddled with a halfpenny a pound on all the fish they consume, for the satisfaction of going out to fetch it themselves instead of having it brought to their doors.

Now, with the views of the United States government in this respect we will not at present concern ourselves. They have made it a duty not only to purvey fish, but to create fishermen, and fishermen have been forthcoming. On the other hand, our colonies, it is said, are being fast excluded from their natural avocations under the operations of the system thus artificially maintained, and it is proposed, accordingly, to set them on their feet again by taking a leaf out of the American book, and protecting our seamen as well as theirs. But we ask, where is this competition to stop? We may describe the whole rivalry as a race for the working of the fisheries. The fish require men to take them, and there is a struggle between two states which shall supply these men. The British colonies have the precedence of natural superiority, which the Americans encounter

by artificial encouragements on the other side. These encouragements it is proposed again to counterbalance by colonial "bounties," in which event the Americans must either increase their own protection or retire from the field. They are not very likely to adopt the latter alternative, so that the only discernible result is a race of folly which would end in making a dish of salt-fish about as costly as a haunch of New Forest venison—a joint estimated, we believe, all forest charges included, at the value of 130 guineas, or thereabouts. But the experience of commerce is now sufficient to prove that these artificial arrangements are never desirable. If our colonies, with all their inalienable advantages of situation and produce, cannot find encouragement enough in the ordinary way of trade to practise fishing, the conclusion is, not that fishing should be made still more attractive by pecuniary bounties, but that some other calling must supersede it. We need hardly say, however, that such an event is utterly improbable. No doubt the colonists would be glad of a bounty, but they are not likely to fail for want of it. The Yarmouth boatmen would still be the best herring-fishers, even if Holland or Denmark gave a premium of a shilling on every fish.

IRON ARCHITECTURE.—Some years ago, a work appeared developing the theory of an entirely new system of architecture, of which the elements are to be, not stone and timber, bricks and mortar, but iron, slate, glass, porcelain, &c. The author, Mr. W. Vose Pickett, contemplates nothing less than a complete revolution in our present principles and materials of construction; for him there "looms in the future" not merely an isolated "Crystal Palace" here and there, but whole metallic streets and cities. The church, the shop, the mansion, the model lodging-house, the cottage—all equally are to be made of wrought-iron, in conjunction with slate and other materials such as those named above. After Mr. Pickett had, as an architect, conceived and elaborated his theory on grounds of fine art, he became acquainted with a patent taken out by Mr. George for practical purposes of construction in similar materials—providing for all the jointings being made upon the dove-tail principle, and for insuring a pressure of superincumbent weight outwards in lieu of vertical pressure. Both gentlemen are, we understand, now working in combination to bring their plans before the public.

We inspected this week a series of designs, plans, models, &c., in illustration of the system, at No. 58 Jermyn Street; where they will continue visible (by ticket) during the current month and August. More nearly approaching in general aspect the Saracenic than any other style of architecture, Mr. Pickett's designs naturally present an air of peculiar lightness of form, minuteness and multiplicity of detail, and brilliancy of decorative color. Designs for a permanent building of cognate application to that now vanishing from Hyde Park, for dwellings for the working-classes, and for Quadrant-canopy and shelter (proposed when the range of columns was removed), are among the most noticeable in subject; and we may remark that Mr. Pickett exhibits this year at the Royal Academy. We are informed that a granary has already been erected on the new system.

The chief advantages urged in its behalf are those of cheapness, cleanliness, freedom from vermin, durability without the need of repair, movability (allowing special scope for exportation of houses of this construction to the colonies, &c.), and economy of space; the thickness of the walls—although in all cases to be formed of double plates with an interval space between—being but of inches where feet are now sometimes required.—*Spectator*, 20 July.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

WHAT IS DOING IN GERMANY.

WHAT Prince Metternich has said of Italy, that it was "only a geographical definition," is not much less applicable now to Germany, if we except the police exercised by the "Bundestag" against everything, right or wrong, which betrays a leaning to principles opposed to the divine right of kings. Everywhere else there is a *bellum omnium contra omnes*, a continual and most inveterate warfare of national jealousies, hostile nationalities, and clashing interests. It would be a difficult and ungrateful task to unravel to the eye of foreigners a scene of such confusion; but there are some parts of it connected with the general state of European affairs that deserve to be better understood than may be done from newspaper articles.

The first thing that strikes us is the spectacle of an *entente cordiale* between the monarchs of the two principal German states, Austria and Prussia, and the discord reigning between their nations and governments. We should not have been very much astonished to see his Prussian majesty hastening from the inauguration of the statue of Frederick the Great to Vienna, if he could expect there to be dubbed a knight of the order of the Golden Fleece; and we believe that the latter ceremony would have given him at least as much satisfaction as the former. But then we ought not to forget that these are merely individual views and propensities of royalty, there being probably not a man in the whole Prussian monarchy who would rejoice to see his king in the capacity of "Arch-Steward to the Holy Roman Empire," presenting a silver wash-basin to the successor of Charlemagne. On the contrary, it is with the deepest regret the people of Prussia see their government not only reversing the whole system on which the greatest genius of his age founded the strength of his young realm a century ago, but also struggling in vain to maintain those positions, selected by the late king, on which to rest his authority in the German union. They were of a twofold character, relating to the two essential foundations of a State; religious and material interests. For the better securing peace in the Protestant Church, and thereby strengthening her power, Frederick William III. had caused the Lutherans and Calvinists of his empire to unite in one common doctrine and liturgy, called, *par excellence*, "*Die Union*" (The Union). And in order to shake off the trammels laid upon traffic and commerce by some forty to fifty different custom-lines, intersecting Germany in the most eccentric directions, he had founded the "Zollverein" (Customs-union), upon the simple principle of a common frontier with regard to customs, embracing the united countries, and a common collection of duties, the amount of which was to be divided among them according to their respective populations. The effect of both these measures was, to cause Prussia to be looked upon as the shield of Protestantism, and as the great promoter of material welfare in Germany, which golden opinions caused the National Assembly of Frankfurt, in April, 1849, to present to the reigning king the crown of the newly constituted German Empire. But here the matter ended.

Such a crown could not be accepted from such hands. Still the honor was too great not to be sought by other means; and a Congress was, in the spring of 1850, invited to Berlin, to make the sovereign German princes and the free cities con-

sent to Prussia's being invested with a sort of liege-lordship, or protectorship, over them. The result was that of all half-measures, making friends distrust the intentions as well as the power of Prussia, alienating others, and encouraging secret enemies in their opposition. Above all, it was the personal disinclination of the king to do anything that might give offence to Austria, which made the whole plan dissolve like snow in April, and led at last to the dismissal of General Radowitz, as minister to the crown, high as he personally stood in the favor of his monarch. But Austria, now aroused to action, was not to be appeased or satisfied by such sacrifices. The days of Olmutz were only part of that system laid down by Prince Schwarzenberg, and so emphatically expressed by him in the words, "*Il faut d'abord avilir la Prusse, et puis la démolir*"—(Prussia must first be made contemptible, and then destroyed)! It was pursued by him from motives of national policy, not less than of personal animosity; and he immediately set to attacking the enemy in his strongest positions, those mentioned above. The Zollverein was to open its embrace to Austria, as a new associate; not that Austria being member of the German Union, but the whole Austrian empire, including Hungary, Italy, &c., with a population of about thirty-seven millions, more than two thirds of whom were aliens from German language, customs, and civilization. It was meant thus to take from the Zollverein the character it had most pride in, that of German nationality; consequently, to deprive its head of the charm attached to it, and to give the command into the hands of the most powerful. For the *religious affairs* the Jesuits were called in to assist, and their missionaries let loose over Germany, Protestant as well as Catholic, to encourage the faithful, confirm the doubtful, recall the backward, and convert the heretic. It is difficult to say whether it was more Austrian clearness of foresight, steadiness of purpose, and cleverness of execution, or more the absolute want of all these qualities, perhaps even something worse, on the side of Prussia, which brought matters to their present crisis.

The Zollverein treaties were to be renewed before the 1st January, 1854. But instead of convoking its members to a regular congress, laying down those principles upon which it had to be modified or constructed anew, and proving the necessity of their adoption, in order to accomplish the long-wished-for accession of the states of Northern Germany—those states commanding the sea-coasts and carrying on the foreign commerce of the country—the Prussian ministry secretly concluded a treaty with Hanover, by which they bought her submission to the Zollverein tariff (with some reductions as to colonial produce) for a certain extra sum of money to be yearly paid from the Zollverein's receipts; and, after having surprised their allies with the news, they, without awaiting the stipulated term, gave them notice that the former treaties were to cease with the end of the year 1853. And though they declared their intention not to treat with Austria before the remodelling of the Zollverein should have been accomplished, they did not even fix a time for negotiations to this purpose.

The effect of this manner of proceeding turned against their authors, who were not the men to understand their position, or, though in a *soi-disant* constitutional country, either to maintain it against the inclination of their monarch or to retire from

office. On the one hand, they had irritated the Southern States of Germany by the concessions granted to Hanover; on the other, they had destroyed the principal benefit they could derive from the accession of a maritime country, with a flourishing trade and navigation under the free-trade principle, by making her accept a protectionist tariff, and had thrown away their most powerful weapon for the impending negotiations. For, the system of protection once secured to them, what had Prussia still to offer if Bavaria, Saxony, Wurttemberg, &c., jealous and full of animosity as they were, refused to treat otherwise than upon their own conditions? Nor did this consequence long delay to show itself. Austria was beforehand in inviting the German states to a congress at Vienna, holding out the promise of changing her prohibitive system into one of high protection duties; and, though Prussia declined attending, a treaty of commerce, as precursory to a Zollverein, including the Austrian empire, was concluded, and the preliminaries to such a Zollverein were fixed under certain provisos. At the same time a number of the Zollverein states signed a convention at Darmstadt, by which they bound themselves to form a separate Zollverein, in case Prussia should persist in her present refusal to treat with Austria, or a new union with Austria could not be brought about. Thus Prussia was left entirely isolated; and, instead of acting in the only way becoming an independent power and an enlightened government, that of standing upon a solid and comprehensive ground, like that of free-trade, and proclaiming its effective application, by which she would have won numerous new and powerful allies, she tried in vain to combat the effects of a principle she had admitted, till we see her now sending Monsieur de Bismark to Vienna, where a second Olmutz will be prepared for his master.

This much for the material interests; in the church the prospects are not much better. Even if it should not be true that Frederic William IV., through the influence of his royal consort, is leaning to Catholicism, certain it is that all his measures are tending to establish a fixed standard for the uniformity of faith, and to persecute all dissenters. The union between Lutherans and Calvinists is not formally dissolved; but already a supreme ecclesiastical council (Ober-Kirchen-Rath) has been instituted, the first principles of which are opposed to it; all other sects that had constituted themselves under the name of "free communities" are persecuted as political clubs, may they deserve the name ever so little. Thus the seeds of discontent are being sown broadcast, and already we see the Jesuits hard at work, preparing to reap a harvest for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Church and her protector—the *Roman Emperor*. For nothing less than the recovery of this dignity will, it seems, satisfy the enterprising spirit of the young court of Vienna, which is but too well supported, though, perhaps, unconsciously and unwillingly, by the envy of the lesser German kingdoms against Prussia. It is true, the King of Prussia will then have to descend to a level with those of Saxony and Bavaria; there will no longer be a fifth wheel to the grand regulator of European affairs; but, we fear, its disappearance will make the working of the others only the more harsh and grating, till it endangers the safety, and, perhaps, even the existence, of the whole machine.

From the Spectator, 14th August.

ABD-EL-KADER—LONDONDERRY—LOUIS NAPOLEON.

FURTHER letters from Lord Londonderry to M. Bonaparte appeared in the *Morning Post* of Thursday; but there is no letter to Lord Londonderry from M. Bonaparte. The subject is the release of Abd-el-Kader, who still remains in the Castle of Amboise. As the letters are very characteristic of the writer, whose name may now be added to the long list of M. Bonaparte's dupes, and as Lord Londonderry's literature would be spoilt by condensation, we give the documents entire.

Lord Londonderry to Prince Louis Napoleon.

Holderness House, May 3, 1852.

Mon Prince—Your Highness cannot be surprised if I again call to your mind the position in which a peculiar fate, under circumstances, has now embarked me; and I must first respectfully represent, that I could not believe my letter of the 1st of February last, officially sent through your minister of war, and by his reply laid before you, should have remained for two months entirely unnoticed. I am convinced, however, that this has arisen from entire forgetfulness, under the immense occupations of the vast empire over which you have been destined to rule with entire dominion; or, otherwise, the usual courtesy between gentleman and gentleman would never have been omitted—more especially when, under your own hand, you have assured me, "que le pouvoir n'a rien changé de votre cœur."

Under the impression, nevertheless, of a seeming oblivion, I hope, with the most perfect respect to the President of the French Republic, and the magnanimous French nation, I may venture, for the last time, to place my petition before your highness for the liberation of the brave warrior at Chateau d'Amboise. I fervently hope that, in the heroic and gallant hearts of all Frenchmen, soldiers as well as citizens, and of all Europe, I shall stand acquitted of impropriety in the measure I am now pursuing.

My letter, February 1st, here annexed in copy No. 1, and the answer of the minister of war, No. 2, will certify as to the cause of regret I have experienced at my late communication being neglected. I come now to your highness' autographs of September, 1851, and May 29, 1851. I need not now make them known to the world; but if your highness refers to them, you will not wonder that I wrote in my last epistle to you that I had a "lettre de change, payable à vue"; and what does this consist in? or what is the value thereof? Your honorable, recorded, never-to-be-blotted out words, "Je veux, tôt ou tard, mettre l'Emir en liberté, parceque je crois l'honneur de la France y'est engagé."

Your highness then most sagaciously adds, that it would be more difficult for you to accomplish the object if urged by any foreign power, any influence of the press, or any discussions in our Parliament. For more than one year and a half, sire, undoubtedly from your opinions known, no one has breathed the great captive's name; but this cannot last forever. But then, further, what were your highness' next declared impediments? The Ottoman Porte? No! By the vigorous and praiseworthy efforts of your enlightened ambassador, they were ready to facilitate an arrangement equally honorable to France, Turkey, and humanity.

Your own former ministry and objections, by your own splendid career, are no longer in your way; you are absolute, supreme, omnipotent, accountable to no one but yourself; and between you and your conscience, Abd-el-Kader still lingers.

Beyond all this, and more forcible than all I have urged, as regards your brave army, I hear from au-

thority not to be doubted, that the last remaining tribe of Kabyles have been entirely and signally defeated, and the war in Algeria forever at an end ; thus affording no reasonable, or even politic, ground for further delay.

The time and moment, then, seems at length to have arrived, in the eventful year of 1852, which you proclaimed to me would be a period easy for you to carry the object into effect—to take the bold, glorious, and courageous decision of liberating the fallen chief, your noble prisoner.

Away, then, with all chimeras of difficulties, delicacies, and consequences ; your decrees are final. Announce “ *Le Président le veut*,” and Abd-el-Kader’s prison-doors fly open ! And you will give effect alike, by this proceeding, to your wish and to your will. The unsullied honor of France and the desire of its powerful ruler (the chosen of eight millions) will be accomplished.

I have the honor to remain, with the highest consideration, and most perfect respect and regard, your highness’ constant friend and well-wisher,

VANE LONDONDERRY, Gen.

P. S.—It is right I should add, that, waiting all respectful and due time, if my humble representations receive (as my last) no attention, I shall feel it due to myself, my position, and all the circumstances of the case, to place the whole of our correspondence, which from the first has been official, and in no degree marked as private by one or the other, before the public and Europe ; when the best judgment will be formed of all that has passed on this important affair.

Lord Londonderry to Prince Louis Napoleon.

Wynyard Park, August 9, 1852

Mon Prince—I could not have conceived it possible, after our former intimate relations, and my letter of 2d May last (sent through your ambassador in London), that you should have shown me so little courtesy as again not to vouchsafe any reply. Such a course cannot now be from accident or occupation, but must be from design ; and I have only to leave the world and Europe to judge, by the immediate publicity of our correspondence, between my humble and repeated solicitations and your word of honor, pledged to me that, sooner or later, you would liberate Abd-el-Kader.

Mon Prince, if any event could hasten your mind to adopt the Emir’s liberation more than another, it would be the sudden and lamented death of your former intimate friend and boon companion, Alfred D’Orsay. You cannot but know, mon prince, he anxiously aided me in our common and unceasing efforts to bring your conscience to a clear sense of what was promised under your own hand ; and this important letter I now annex in attested copy. I forbear adding the lengthened former details that have been already published ; but I would place on record communications from that highly talented spirit that has flown to that Tribunal before which we must all appear. If, to show his deep sympathy, together with my own, aught can move your highness to act nobly, generously, and bravely, it will be the words of your departed friend. Girardin, your great and gifted writer, has proclaimed, “ *Palaces have only two doors open to truth, the door of friendship and the door of adversity—of friendship, which is to adversity what lightning is to thunder, invisible justice, equal justice for all. The justice of which death holds the scales counts days when it does not measure gifts.*”

Remember, mon prince, there is but one step between us and death. If the Emir languishes and dies in prison, who would be in your imperial robes—who would envy blighted faith and broken promises ?

I remain, mon prince, an Irish soldier, devoted to military honor and well-deserved glory.

VANE LONDONDERRY.

ABD-EL-KADER, HIS CHAMPION, AND HIS GAOLER.

Lord Londonderry is again at Louis Napoleon, to extort from him the release of Abd-el-Kader, detained in France by a violation of pledges. To us the spectacle of the worthy old gentleman persevering in his good enterprise, struggling bravely against evil spirits, even against his own incompetencies, is cheering enough to compensate for the obstinate baseness of the man that now possesses France. Londonderry relies, and justly, on the sympathy of honorable men, to overcome even their sense of the ridiculous. He cannot write a paragraph without violating every rule of artistic or accurate writing ; he calls a departed friend a “ *highly talented spirit flown to that Tribunal*,” &c. ; he puts two nominatives with the singular number of a verb ; he mixes remonstrances against villainy with admiration at the “ *splendid career*,” the bullioned and epauletted success of the recreant ; he spells “ *heroic*” with a *k*, and pours forth good honest feeling in a style of barrack-room emotion, that smacks of a military collar and a swelling bosom padded to the regulation manliness ; but there is the hearty flesh and blood beneath ; there is emotion struggling to utter itself in that general-order dialect ; there is genuine, instinctive conscience inside that farrago ; and when “ *Vane Londonderry, Gen.*” sits down after his right soldierly appeal, we thank God that there is so much unadulterated English stuff amongst our fashionable and ruling classes. Cromwell himself was faulty in syntax, and many a chevalier “ *sans peur et sans reproche*” would get on indifferently among our professed litterateurs. To see the excellent gentleman floundering in a sea of indifferent rhetoric, is like witnessing the struggles of a fat humanitarian rescuing a fellow-creature from active danger, or a broad-brimmed philanthropist parading in an anniversary pageant.

Louis Napoleon cannot answer. Once upon a time, Holderness House was a welcome and splendid asylum, warming the eyes of a prince out of work ; but the man who could evade his friend and fellow-exile, D’Orsay, when struggling not less bravely than Londonderry to release a prisoner dishonorably detained, is not likely to remember the no-longer-wanted hospitalities of a mere English Marquis. Louis Napoleon promised ; but now confesses, by his taciturn non-performance, that his promises were falsehoods. There can be no influence to coerce such a man, until his hour of downfall shall bring him once more to the mire of promises and professions.

But Louis Napoleon’s vice is no more than the enthroned excess of that same vice which saps all public virtue amongst us, and not a little private virtue. He only adds a deeper red to the shame which clings to the previous violators of the same promise ; he is but the most advanced of the trio, which includes Louis Philippe and Lamoricière. It is the same vice which lays France, who sanctioned the breach of faith to Abd-el-Kader, prostrate under the treachery of Louis Napoleon. Nor is the vice exclusively French ; it is the same which makes Englishmen think more of the till than of their country, and estimate nothing that cannot be appraised in pounds, shillings, and pence ; it induces our “ *statesmen*” to alternate in office on transparent pretexts not even decently consistent to their own hypocrisy ; it corrupts the very body to which General Lord Londonderry belongs, with trading colonels, intriguing hangers-on at the com-

mander-in-chief's levees, military milliners, and "snobs" at mess, to whom the national army is a club and the profession of arms a mere peace amusement. The vice is *meanness*. Sterner times may cure it; but at their first onset we shall severely feel the debility of the moral disease.

From the Examiner, 14th August.

THE BRAWL WITH AMERICA.

Our tory administration, which is on the best of terms with all the despotic governments of Europe, seems anxious to get into a squabble with the only people on earth, ourselves excepted, that are at once great, free, and independent. The quarrel arises out of cod-fish and mackerel, and a "small" squadron has been sent to enforce "our rights." Already an American fishing-smack has been captured for catching cod where she ought not to catch anything, and sent to an Admiralty Court for adjudication.

Now, to take simply the material view of the question—what is the dispute about? It relates exclusively to a fraction of the cod-fishery, as it is carried on within some bays or creeks of North America, parts of that ocean which is the common property of mankind. Moreover, the whole fishery in question, whether British or American, is rather a decaying trade; the most Catholic of the nations of Europe having begun to find out that salt cod and stock fish are not particularly good for the digestion, or even remarkably agreeable to the palate. The very blacks of the Antilles have betaken themselves to better food.

Continuing this view, however, let us remark the value of the trade which we carry on with governments to whom our ministers are but too eager to make all convenient submission, and contrast it with what we owe to the country they appear to be so ready to dispute with. There is nothing whatever in the question now raised that should exclude a consideration of the breeches-pocket. In 1850, the whole value of our export trade to all the despotic countries of Europe—namely, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Rome, and we grieve to be obliged to add, France—was just 5,824,307*l.* in value; while to the United States it was 14,891,961*l.*, or about one-and-a-half fold more than that of the whole five! A week's war with America would cost more than the worth of ten years' produce of the whole cod-fishery of both nations. Why, the common sense of the people of this country will at once put down such a quarrel, and with it the men who would make it. We venture to predict that Lord Derby, his right honorable chairman of Quarter Sessions, and his noble friend who is also the friend of Louis Napoleon, will have to beat a hasty and disgraceful retreat before citizen Fillmore.

We shall be told that there are other than merely material questions involved. No doubt there are. It is a moral question of no small import to us English people that the men before whom our ministers are glad to prostrate themselves should be alien to us in blood, language, manners, and institutions, while those with whom these same ministers show so ready an activity in picking a quarrel, inherit our blood, our language, our laws, and institutions. Let us add that another principle lurks in the dispute against which we have resolutely to be on guard.

Our ministry of broken promises and egregious contradictions, having been beaten and baffled at

home on the question of protection, they are desirous of making a small exhibition of it in a remote corner, and have chosen the bleak shores of North America for their theatre. The late government very justly discouraged the granting of bounties to the colonial fisheries, having on principle discontinued it at home. They knew very well that a bounty paid to fishermen was a tax imposed on the community the fishermen belong to. The Derbyites are all for the bounty, as they are all, if they could carry it, for the 5*s.* duty on bread-corn. The Labrador and Nova Scotia fishermen have not sufficient skill or enterprise to help themselves, and must therefore be helped by a levy on the public. The effect of the bounty will of course be to confirm these colonial fishermen in their indolence, whereas the effect of fair competition would be to stimulate them into skill and activity. Such has been the result in every branch of our manufacturing industry, and already it is plainly felt even in our agricultural market. A bounty to fishermen is even a more aggravated form of protection than a duty on foreign corn to farmers, for the farmers have to run a race with rivals carrying the twelve stone weight of landlords' rent on their backs, whereas the fish of the sea is equally abundant to all nations.

We shall endeavor to state the nature of the squabble about the fishing-grounds as fairly as we can. In the Convention of 1818, there is an express article providing for the rights of fishery to be enjoyed by both nations. In the first section of this article it was agreed that the inhabitants of the United States should have, forever, in common with the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, the "liberty to take fish of every kind" on certain coasts which are named. But the second section of the article has the following provision: "And the United States hereby renounce, forever, any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof to take, dry, or cure fish, on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, not included in the above-mentioned limits."

Now for four-and-thirty years, by a liberal construction of this treaty, the Americans have carried on their fisheries, without any interference on the part of the British; that is, for four years longer than is required in this country to establish a right of property in "air or water" by the prescription of occupation. But after the first three-and-twenty of these years had passed, in 1841, the fishermen of Nova Scotia petitioned for protection against the fishermen of Maine and Massachusetts, demanding the enforcement of the strict and literal meaning of the Convention of 1818; and the British government submitted a case for the opinion of its attorney and advocate-general of the day. Whereupon the following opinion was had: "That by the terms of the Convention American citizens were excluded from any right of fishing, within three miles from the coast of British America, and that the prescribed distance of three miles is to be measured from the head-lands, or extreme points of land next the sea, of the coast, or the entrance of bays or indents of the coast, and, consequently, that no right exists, on the part of American citizens, to enter the bays of Nova Scotia, there to take fish, although the fishing being within the bay, may be at a greater distance than three miles from the shore of the bay, as we are of the opinion that the term head-land is used in the

treaty to express the part of the land we have before mentioned including the interior of the bays."

The first remark we have to make on this opinion of the lawyers is, that "the term head-land," said to be "used in the treaty," is not to be found in the convention at all; and is, therefore, only a legal fiction of their own to found an argument on. Then what do the legal sages mean by the "extreme points of land next the sea?" "Next," in the sense in which they use it, is only an awkward synonyme for "nearest;" and no point of land, even if it should jut out as far as Cape Horn, is one bit nearer the sea than any ordinary part of a coast. To make it so, the lawyers must change the character of fluids as well as subvert the laws of grammar.

Strictly to carry out the doctrine of the crown lawyers of 1841, that the three miles from the coast forming the magic line within which the Americans must not catch fish, are to be counted from the extreme head-lands—would practically go very far to exclude the Americans from fishing altogether, as any one may see who glances at a map of the eastern coast of America; for, drawing a line from one extreme salient point to another, it will be remarked that there is hardly a mile of the coast that is not far beyond three miles off the shore, while in some localities the fishermen engaged would be forced to keep fifty miles away from it.

The whole construction of the article of the convention, it will be seen, rests entirely on the meaning we attach to the word "Bay;" one of the vaguest and most indefinite in meaning in the English language. There can be no question whatever but that the Americans are precluded from fishing anywhere on the coast of British North America, within three miles of the coast; and that they are also precluded from fishing within "creeks and harbors," for creeks and harbors are seldom or never above six miles wide. The treaty being so enforced, the American fisherman may, in both instances, carry on his occupation three miles clear of a British coast.

But the case is very different with the word "Bay." The very nature of a harbor implies that it is of very limited extent, or it would be no port; and a creek is but a small harbor or cove. Dr. Johnson defines "a bay" to be "an opening into the land," so that it may be any indentation from one to a thousand miles broad. Harbor, or port, creek, cove, gulf, all come under it. It does not appear to us to be in common sense to suppose that the British and American negotiators ever dreamt of intending by "bay" any other inlet of the sea than small indentations of the coast, resembling the creeks and harbors in the same sentence with which it is grouped. Nevertheless, the crown lawyers, by their interpretation, include in it Hudson's Bay, which has a coast of greater extent, twice told, than all the rest of British North America put together; and they include also the Bay of Fundy, which is 180 miles in length, and from thirty-five to fifty miles in breadth.

Certain it is that geographers have always been much at a loss in applying popular words in cases of a similar kind, for sometimes to large bodies of water we find the words sea, gulf, and bay applied indifferently, and it appears to be a mere matter of accident which word should finally stick—more than one occasionally doing so. Thus, we have the Baltic and the Euxine Seas, but the Gulfs of

Bothnia, Finland, and Persia. We have the Red Sea, or Arabian Gulf; as we have the Bays of Hudson and Fundy; and had the first of these been called a sea and the last a gulf, the right of the Americans to fish three miles from their shores would have been unquestionable. In like manner, we have the Gulf or Bay of Bengal, and the Gulf or Bay of Carpentaria, but the Yellow Sea, or Gulf of Pechili.

It is further to be remarked that the Americans have never admitted the interpretation of our crown lawyers. They have always protested against it, and the question has remained an undetermined one; liberty being meanwhile given to the Americans as though the reasonableness of their protest had been felt by successive English governments, and such liberty having been expressly guaranteed by Lord Aberdeen as a concession to American fishermen in the Bay of Fundy some few years ago, when Lord Derby was colonial minister. Yet to the administration of this same Lord Derby now belongs the exclusive credit of having done their best to raise a shabby and mischievous broil about the meaning of a vague term, which may be equally applied to the Bay of Bengal extending over 16° of latitude and nearly as many of longitude, and a dent in the coast of Newfoundland which may not be a quarter of a mile in breadth. There is little danger, however, that the nation itself will call for any strict or literal construction of a treaty which previous governments have allowed to lie dormant, because the Derby ministry has blunderingly attempted to make a small political and protectionist capital out of it. There can be no use or profit in insisting upon a literal right where justice and common sense are against us. Mr. Webster, in moderate language, foretells what the result of the tory experiment must be. "The immediate effect," he says, "will be the loss of the valuable full-fishing to American fishermen—a complete interruption of the extensive business of New England, attended by constant collision of the most unpleasant and exciting character, which may end in the destruction of human life, in the involvement of the governments in questions of a very serious nature, threatening the peace of the two countries." Mr. Webster concludes by stating that the American government does not agree in the construction put by the English lawyers on the sense and meaning of the treaty.

But even supposing such a rigorous construction to be the right and proper one—still would remain the question of how the prescription of thirty years is to be got over, and, above all, how the note of Lord Aberdeen, virtually surrendering the question in so far as the Bay of Fundy is concerned, as one not worth contending for, is to be got over? That note was recorded in the Foreign Office, yet Lord Derby and his colleagues know nothing of its existence—Lord Derby who was, himself, as colonial minister, the colleague of Lord Aberdeen, and most nearly concerned in the step so taken. The most prominent figure in the "great indiscretion" appeared at first to be the colonial minister, but this turns out to be not the case after all. The first shot, without waiting for the word of command, came, as might be expected, from the great blunderbuss of foreign affairs, the rest of the raw recruits only following his bad example. But the prime offender is of course their chief. Lord Derby is most to blame, as well for not knowing better himself, as for not having his men in better order.

From the Spectator.

THE "LITTLE CLOUD" ENLARGED.

To put the case in its briefest and most direct shape, it may be said that in the North American fishery question our government has been technically "in the right," but has been very rude to the United States of America. The British government stands upon the letter of the bond, and is justified by the letter of the bond so far as it goes; but the government to which the present has succeeded had suffered the bond in a very great degree to fall into desuetude; and the least that ministers were bound to do was to take the living facts into consideration; instead of which, they have ignored the facts, and have put the question to an impracticable issue.

The additional discussion which the subject has undergone since we last handled it has advanced the question of right not an inch beyond where it stood; indeed, there did not need any enforcement of that point. The "liberty" to fish within a certain distance of the British grounds, whatever that distance may be, was a *concession* to the United States, and the history both of the negotiations and of the practice establishes the fact more and more clearly, that the citizens of the United States entered within these stipulated boundaries, not by their own right, but by distinct concession. In such case, of course, the interpretation of the concession must be strict when it is cited in favor of the conceding party, liberal when it is claimed on the opposite side. England, the conceding party, has *prima facie* the right to say what her concession was intended to be; and the Americans have only the right to claim the minimum of that concession and not its largest interpretation. As a matter of right between lawyers, were it a subject in Chancery, or even in the courts of the United States, there might be very little question as to the issue; but, unhappily for the government which has taken its stand upon the letter of the bond, it is no longer possible to stake the issue upon that mere letter of right.

We do not rely very greatly upon the concession contemplated by Lord Aberdeen under Sir Robert Peel. It does indeed throw some light upon the question of policy, when we find the foreign minister of the most enlightened and independent statesman this country has possessed for a long series of years cheerfully accepting the position of making a liberal and handsome concession according to the facts. But the concession which was contemplated by Lord Aberdeen was not consummated by any actual stipulation. A collateral question has been raised, whether Lord Stanley, who was then colonial secretary, sanctioned that concession, or whether he refused his sanction. There is documentary proof that he did give his sanction; but from his conduct now, it might be *presumed* that he revoked that sanction. The question, however, is of little political importance. The public estimation of Lord Stanley's judgment has sunk so low within the last few years, and still more within the last few months, that his opinion on the subject must be regarded as a matter of chance rather than as a matter of importance. The negotiations proceeding under Lord Aberdeen were broken off by the breaking up of Sir Robert Peel's government, and the subject has remained an open question—like many open questions under the whig government, a pitfall; of which the Derby government has taken full advantage. The

question of right therefore, technically considered, remains untouched by those unconsummated negotiations, and for the purpose of the lawyer the proceedings of 1845 may be stricken out of the record.

But statesmen have to do with something besides records, documents, and bonds; there are such things as facts, people, interests, property; which may be also on a scale precluding slight or aggression. However the letter of the old original stipulation of 1818 may have been kept alive by the diplomatic reservations of official people under the sufferance of the British government, a practice has been strengthened year by year, with great interests founded on that practice. When Americans say that the value of the shipping engaged in the fishery amounts to 12,000,000 dollars—that the value of the shipping of Massachusetts alone is 3,532,000 dollars, and that the annual value of the fish which the shipping of that State takes is nearly as great—when we are told that 30,000 persons are employed in the fisheries, and that many people, influential in society on shore, have invested their whole property in the pursuit—when it is represented that this occupation has been carried on peaceably by our sufferance for thirty-four years—we cannot deny that there is a force in such facts too strong for the petulant hand of any tyro in statesmanship to cast back by a stroke of the pen. The Americans in these large numbers, with that immense mass of property at stake, involving many private rights and social relations, have occupied the ground; and they cannot be suddenly thrust back without a proportionate amount of injury, such as no people will or can endure quietly. The demand of the British government, that the Americans should suddenly draw back from the fisheries, is tantamount to the demand of a pragmatical policeman, that the people in front of a great crowd should suddenly back, regardless of their own safety or of those whom they may crush in their rear; a demand very absurd, still more cruel, still more impracticable to be obeyed.

Such conduct is not statesmanship; it cannot claim to be included in the category even on the lowest estimate. It is ill-breeding of the vulgarest kind. But ill-breeding towards a great nation may become a crime. Ill-breeding exercised by the representative of a nation which has great and extensive interests at stake, exercised against a nation well able to avenge insult and injury, is conduct so sure to excite mischief and to inflict suffering on the widest scale, that it deserves no less a designation than crime.

If we are to regard it as a spirited set-off against the pusillanimity of the Mather case, it is a miserable apology to compensate an act of truckling by an act of mischievous bullying. Or if, as some deep-seeing politicians surmise, it is but a side process to get at reciprocity from the Americans in the colonial trade, it is an act less worthy of a statesman than that of certain disreputable people in great towns who establish nuisances for the purpose of extorting money. A fellow in a country town became the tenant of a number of public-houses, and shut them up for the greater part of the day, in order that the brewers might present him with a donative for the privilege of opening them again; which he obtained. That statesman is the model for our officials. But great and powerful nations like the United States are not to be frightened into concessions like Norfolk brewers; especially when the balance of spirit and

recent success in contest is on the side of such great nation.

Under no interpretation for which we have present materials can the conduct of the British government in raising this demand be regarded as other than a breach of public trust. The only hope for them must lie in some reserved power which they have to disclaim the whole affair; to make good, in short, the astounding intimation of their own organ in the press, that the whole of the present affair is an hallucination, involving alike the American public, the American government, and the public of this country. Such a denouement does not look at present very probable; but in real life truth is not always true-seeming.

Meanwhile, the commercial English nation will want to know what ministers are doing, and will expect to see Parliament summoned without delay, in order that the responsible advisers of the crown may not act without the Great Council of the Nation. Otherwise it may be the worse for those responsible advisers.

From the Examiner, 21st August.

THE RETREAT.

WE said last week that the English Ministry would have to beat a hasty and disgraceful retreat in the American brawl. Already it has done so. The act of cowardice has followed hard on that of bluster and defiance, and the Americans remain not only masters of what they had, but gainers of considerably more.

It is announced by the organs of the ministry that the matter in dispute has been amicably arranged between Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Abbot Lawrence, the former agreeing to throw open to the United States all the British fisheries at greater distances than three miles from our coasts and the latter making the same concession to England of the American fisheries. Thus every point in question is given up on the English side, while at the same time, by what the *Standard* calls "an arrangement of perfect reciprocity," the Americans give up nothing at all, and get a great deal. If there had been any other fisheries worth naming in these American waters except those off our own coasts, the brawl could never have arisen.

The complaints of the English colonists turned upon this fact, that the really valuable fishing grounds were exclusively our own. They begged and entreated to have their American competitors driven out. The convention of 1818, they said, has been violated by Lord Aberdeen's concession of 1845. American fishermen now fish in the Bay of Fundy, and we would have them turned out of the Bay of Fundy. Said Lord Derby, your request is reasonable, and the thing shall be done. Straightway he ordered the British minister at Washington to write, and, on the 5th July, Mr. Crampton did write, to Mr. Webster, to the effect that "urgent representations" having been forwarded to her majesty's government by the governments of the North American provinces in regard to encroachments upon the fishing grounds reserved by the convention of 1818, whereby the colonial fisheries were most seriously prejudiced, directions had been given by the Lords of her Majesty's Admiralty for stationing off New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, such a force of small sailing vessels and steamers as should be deemed sufficient to prevent any further infraction of the treaty. Nothing could be

more clear. But to leave it beyond the possibility of doubt, the "force of small sailing vessels and steamers" had already made sudden appearance in the British American waters on the 10th of the preceding June, and then and there made capture of certain smacks and fishing boats encroaching where the terms of the convention aforesaid did in strictness exclude them.

The complaining colonists were delighted, the Americans in the same proportion amazed; for so admirably was the thing managed, with such finished tact and statesmanlike finesse, that the colonists knew, through Sir John Pakington, that they were to be "protected," some five weeks before the Americans were informed through Lord Malmesbury that protection was to be taken away from them. By a perfect triumph of diplomacy, the transmission of Mr. Crampton's despatch was made nicely contemporaneous with that of the news of the British capture of a Maine fishing smack. It was an opportunity for Mr. Webster, which he displayed no reluctance in making the most of. There is happily now no need to recall the eloquence of that greatest of stump orators. Suffice it that, from Boston, U. S., a portentous din of reclamatory threatenings and warlike defiance still vibrated in everybody's ears, when the softest accents of conciliation and peace stole upon us unexpectedly from Downing Street.

It is now made quite manifest—so clear that nobody in his senses would dream of doubting it—that what Lord Derby meant from the first was to strike up that sort of match for life between England and America which a great match-making authority tells us is best begun with a little aversion. If it's murder mention it, says *Billy Luckaday* in the play. What Lord Derby had to mention was Peace, and by way of duly preparing its victims he sent out a war squadron. He promised to "protect" the colonial fishermen, and has done it by casting them adrift, "hook and line, bob and sinker." In future, there is to be perfect reciprocity. The liberty of fishing in British waters, where the fisheries are highly valuable, is to be reciprocated by equal liberty to fish in American waters, where there are no fisheries worth speaking of. Perfect reciprocity and general disappointment are the characteristics of the affair. The object being to concede everything the Americans wanted, the care at the same time has been not to oblige them a bit. The expressed intention being to save the colonists any further infraction of their treaty, the means taken is to abolish every stipulation of it that they had ever cared to retain. The transaction is complete in all its particulars. It will deserve mention in history as the glory of Derby diplomacy. With all the spirit and excitement of a mortal defiance we have made an unconditional surrender. Bent upon liberal indulgences, we have provoked nothing but bad passions. Everybody is offended, nobody obliged.

What the colonists will next petition the Derby ministry for remains to be seen, but they are greater fools than we think them if they ask for any more "protection." Yet it may be that this word of imposture and deceit lies after all at the bottom of the business. When Lord Aberdeen was making as of favor a concession of the Bay of Fundy seven years ago, he suggested to the American government the propriety of reducing certain duties operating prejudicially to the interests of British colonial fishermen. Now that Lord Derby is conceding as of right not only Fundy Bay, but every

other bay, we hear nothing of the kind suggested. Our friends of Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island should look to it. If it turn out after all that the Americans, backed not only by their duties against British fish but by liberal bounties from their own government, have been let loose into British waters for nothing better than the excuse to try a like system of duties, preferences, and bounties of our own, it will be for our colonial fellow-subjects to say from what source these taxes are to come. Only so long ago as last February one of their own governors, Sir Alexander Bannerman, wrote to Lord Grey—

In regard to Bounties the United States government pay large ones; and, as I stated to the Assembly, we have no business to complain of whatever policy the government may consider most conducive to the interests of their subjects. But I am of the same opinion with your lordship—*averse to impose a tax on the whole community to benefit one particular class*; for a trade requiring a bounty (I mean a continued one) will turn out to be a fictitious one. Our neighbors and the French government will find out this in due time, but that is no business of ours.

In that homely remark lies the philosophy of the matter. It is no business of ours, and what the colonists have to look to is that it is not made their business by the mischief or maladroitness of a ministry professedly eager to protect them. The Governor of Prince Edward's Island continues:

As to the fisheries, about which I have troubled your lordship so much, I have no hesitation in saying that were I the sole proprietor of this island, and looking to the question as one involving my own interests, and not as a national one, I would petition her majesty to abrogate the Convention of 1848, and graciously ask for permission to invite the American fishermen to visit our shores, to carry on their trade, and to make the best arrangement I could with them. But this cannot be done at present, and I would fain hope the question may be easily and amicably adjusted; and if that could be accomplished, nothing, I think, would tend more to cement amity and friendship with Great Britain and the United States.

We agree with Sir Alexander Bannerman. The view expressed is substantially what we argued for last week. Though the strict letter of the treaty might be with us, every consideration of justice and policy was against us. We never could have used what we had so strict a right to, and better on all accounts therefore to give it up. It would have been monstrous, even if it had been possible, to make a stand on terms so unreasonable, especially when occasion offered, by abandoning what was not tenable, to obtain what was really worth having. To the Derby ministry belongs the curious merit of having given up everything and got nothing, not even thanks, not even the credit of a concession. On the other hand, the gain on the American side goes infinitely beyond the hook and line, the bob and sinker, which moved Mr. Webster's vigorous anxiety. A "small English squadron" is now making its retreat before very big American bluster. It is well that it should go, but never to have come would have been better. An act of justice done as an act of cowardice cannot fail of mischief; and not the least in this case is the suspicion, which we find it difficult not to entertain, that a good thing has been done ill, with a purpose that ill may come of it. Sorely will the colonists have to rue the day when such a kettle of fish was

cooked for them, if they have to gulp down protection after all at the bottom of the mess.

From the Spectator, 21st August.

THE CLOUD DISPERSED.

THE semi-official announcement that the misunderstanding between our government and that of the United States was cleared up, must have given more genuine satisfaction to millions, both here and across the Atlantic, than most political events in these days are calculated to afford. However monstrous and absurd it may have appeared that two powerful nations, linked by the closest ties of kindred, sympathy, and interest, should make war upon each other for such a cause as was involved in this dispute, yet none who remember how much decisions on questions of foreign policy depend on the good sense, candor, and good temper of the men immediately concerned in their discussion, and how little on the interests or even the real wishes of the nation on either side, can have deemed it impossible that England and America should have fallen to fighting for the right of catching fishes in the Bay of Fundy. The near approach of the presidential election in America, when the vote of every vagabond and adventurer is eagerly sought—and the occupation of office in England by a party with notorious and avowed absolutist sympathies, and with a disposition, the natural sequence of their selfish class principles of commercial policy, to put free-trade to the test of a war with our principal customer—must have increased the uneasiness of every reflecting man.

Nor were reasons more personal wanting to lend importance to a dispute that would otherwise have occasioned little anxiety among us. An accidental glass of claret might have brought on a fit of Lord Derby's gout, and have ruffled his usually gentle and complaisant temper; Lord Malmesbury's historical cook, "with whom so many of your lordships are familiarly acquainted," might have thrown in a dash too much acid into some favorite entremêt, and the destinies of two great nations might have been altered by the morning's irritation succeeding to indigestion and a sleepless night. It is by no means pleasant that the peace of this country should be dependent on the state of the nerves or stomachs of invalids and bon-vivants. Both have their places, their occupations, and their consolations; but the council-board of the empire in these days is more exacting than the library-chair or the dinner-table; and even if a man have all the mental capacities of the statesman, yet strong health and a business-like régime are found essential to the satisfactory discharge of the duties of public life, becoming every year more and more engrossing. At any rate, the people, whose interests are at stake, only feel those interests safe when they are intrusted to men in whose discretion, knowledge, and constant fitness for business, they feel confidence; and just now the reverse of all this is the case, as regards both our foreign and colonial secretary and our prime minister. The cloud has indeed broken and dispersed, with no worse result than a few flashes of summer lightning; but the period during which it has been "looming in the distance" has been one of painful uncertainty, and that uncertainty mainly owing to the characters of the men in whose hands lay the primary decision of the part

England was to take. The feelings of the last fortnight must have made many acutely sensible, perhaps for the first time, how really they are interested in the personnel of a minister, and how far below the acknowledged standard of ability are her majesty's present advisers.

Among other considerations that may be suggested by this transient peril, not the least practical is the illustration thrown by it on the nature of responsible government among us in connection with foreign affairs and colonial affairs. It is a fine phrase, and in matters of taxation and home administration, it approximates to a reality; but as far as our relations with foreign nations are concerned, it is a mere phrase, and the use of it is as mischievous as all unrealities in practical life must be, in proportion to the magnitude of the interest they affect. An incapable foreign or colonial secretary may do a vast amount of mischief; and long before the public knows anything about it the mischief is irrevocable, and perhaps involves the nation in a continuance of it as the lesser of two evils. This might easily have been the case here. Had a single shot been fired between an English and an American man of war, all England would have indignantly reclaimed against the rash despatch and the reckless man who was the cause of the quarrel; but the blood of the two people would have been up, traditional jealousies would have been roused, and the flame which a fool had lighted might not have been extinguished by the united wisdom, moderation, and self-interest of the sober and thoughtful of both countries. And in this case what becomes of the responsibility of the minister? When war is once begun, all parties see that the only way to peace is to conquer it; that feeling absorbs all other considerations, and the nation has something more immediately pressing than to take vengeance on the person who may after all only be guilty of the common crime of occupying a post of dignity and emolument for which he is totally unfit—a crime, besides, in which the electors of the country are to the full participators. The theory of ministerial responsibility is in such cases a pure fiction—has not a shadow of fact corresponding to it. Nor is it easy to devise any machinery by which the acts of the executive can be submitted to the control of the nation before they have produced effects which no after deliberation can efface or materially modify, unless the government were altogether put into the hands of a committee of the House of Commons; for which development of democracy the nation is not yet prepared, though it is impossible to say how soon we might grow ripe even for that under a course of Derby and Malmesbury.

It would not take long to make welcome any means by which the genuine wishes and opinions of the people of England might find expression in our foreign and colonial policy; and it is among the strange anomalies of Lord Derby's position, that he, the St. George who is to combat and slay the dragon of Democracy, has round him just the men who force upon the most conservative the conviction that no development of Democracy could probably throw the fortunes of this country into hands less capable of piloting a bark freighted with so costly a treasure. Let Lord Derby be assured, that if he wishes to establish among us a pure parliamentary government, from which we are far enough at present, he could not do better than continue to fill the most important offices with

gentlemen who, except as statesmen, could not possibly earn three hundred a year in any useful or ornamental function; and the warning to him applies equally to those, whoever they may be, who are to come after him—at least to the few who escape "the Deluge" and repeople the wasted land—that the only way to stave off the extreme limit of Democracy, direct government by popular assemblies, (though nations have got on tolerably in old times even so,) is to seek diligently for able men, and to make ability, knowledge, and uprightness, essential conditions, if not the sole test, for office. If we thought the immediate advent of Democracy in this country a desirable thing at all, we should advise a premier to put a fool into the foreign and a tyro into the colonial office, and to let them embroil the nation in a war with the United States; the rest would follow of its own accord.

From the Spectator, 21st August.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

WHILE yet the fishery question occasioned some public apprehension, that feeling was deepened by considerations thrown out respecting the Irish element in the people of the United States; and not altogether without reason. The Irish have, for years, been poured into the Union at the rate of tens of thousands, and lately by hundreds of thousands; and the members of the Union of Irish descent, increasing at that rapid rate, are already estimated at many millions—by some at seven or eight, or even ten. The Irish emigrants mostly leave their own country with feelings of anger, if not hatred, against England; and if the instigation of the priest against Protestant England becomes less potent on the other side of the Atlantic, it is in part supplied by the republican dislike to monarchy; the Irish, it is to be observed, taking kindly to the antagonistic extreme in their new land.

There is, without doubt, considerable truth in such representations; the Irish are increasing very rapidly in the Union. In New York they can muster a formidable body, as they showed in the Native American riots. They are flocking to the further settlements, and the Valley of the Mississippi may be in great part peopled by the Celtic race. In Boston they have multiplied so greatly, that the corporation part of the town, Boston proper, we have been assured, may almost be said to remain in their hands. And they are filled with indignation against England; to whom they ascribe not only the "seven centuries of wrong," but the results of their own shortcomings. This feeling bursts forth in such incidents as the welcome to Francis Meagher, in the riot to rescue Kaine, or in Irish efforts to stimulate the fishery dispute. According to the proportionate increase by population, a few more years will see this element greatly augmented. Indeed, the Yankees proper have already been awakened to that fact, and Anglo-Saxon jealousy created the Native American party, with the special mission of counteracting the Irish in the elections, in obtaining too speedy admission as immigrants to the privileges of citizenship, and if necessary in personal contest.

Recently the Native American party appears to have lost ground, probably because observation mitigated the jealous apprehensions which called

it into being. For various reasons it may be doubted whether the Irish will continue to form so distinctive and powerful an element as might at first be supposed by the rate of increase to the population direct from the Irish stock. In the first place, the future increase can hardly be sufficient to swamp the Anglo-Saxon element. If the whole population of Ireland were now added to the Union, the gross number of pure and derivative Irish would not amount to a majority; and if the Irish are fertile in offspring, Anglo-Saxons are not sterile. In the second place, there is nothing to keep the two races apart; and in the mixture of races, that which possesses the less inherent force will ultimately merge in the other. On the other hand, the strongly-marked characteristics of Protestant Ulster, and of many English families long resident in Ireland, prove how stubborn the Anglo-Saxon element is, even where it forms but a small minority in the midst of the Celts. Morally, the alternate condition of the Irish in America is very plain; although the number of Irish descent is estimated at ten millions, the Roman Catholics in the Union cannot muster a million—they are usually computed at 700,000. In other words, more than nine tenths of them cease to be Romanists. Various causes have been assigned for this vast conversion—more easy material circumstances, with a corresponding robustness in the tone of mind; thorough freedom of religion, with absence of an invidious and wrongous state establishment; more diffused education; the bracing breezes of the Atlantic in the transit; the elevation of the "common Irish" as compared with their priest; greater distance from the Pope. We do not ascribe much to the salt wind, nor distinctively to education; in the latter case, because education is considerably diffused in Ireland itself, and is indeed already telling with very manifest effect on the baser influences of the priest. But whatever the causes may be, the priests themselves are so conscious of the result, that in Ireland they have made it an argument against emigration; pointing to the United States as a wicked place, where the faithful stray from the true faith. They might rather say, that America is a ground on which the Irish are Saxonized.

Although these considerations may well mitigate the fears as to the ultimate subjugation of all America to the Celtic race—to which result very lugubrious prophets have alluded!—and the conversion of that powerful continent into an avenging scourge against England, they do not contravene the very just strictures passed upon successive governments for neglecting to lend that just influence to the stream of emigration which might direct it to dominions still attached to the British crown, rather than to those alienated from it. Such a direction might convert the great outgoing body into a reinforcement of the loyal rather than the hostile population. The Irish, if duly cultivated, naturally incline to loyalty; and the Celts generally are disposed to monarchic institutions. The Scotch Highlander is faithful to his chief; and the Frenchman cannot, to this day, adapt himself to a republic. The direction of the stream might be for the benefit of the Irish themselves. We have heard the remark made by most intelligent and trustworthy observers, that the Irish in the Union do *not* get on so well as their German or Anglo-Saxon fellow-citizens. Not only is it so where they remain in large towns—as in New York, and literally pig together after the

true Irish fashion; nor on railways, where they are kept in gangs, and cling to their faction-fights; but it is also the case, to a minor degree, in veritable settlements. The fact contrasts with the undeniable testimony of Mr. Cunard and other witnesses before the commissioners on the Quebec Railway, who testified to the perfect success of Irish emigrants in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island. The grand argument against such direction—and no man has paraded it more than Lord John Russell—has been, that the Irish sent over considerable sums for the passage of their relatives; and that state assistance might dry up that source of spontaneous emigration; but what then! Surely any sum which can be raised among newly-settled emigrants cannot be too great for this imperial state to spend in relieving Ireland by such mode as would cultivate a province to support English constitution and influence, rather than leaving the country to empty itself in recruiting an alien and possibly a hostile population. The argument only shows how much ideas of positive statesmanship and practical government are in abeyance. For the present, then, we must passively witness the process of perverse recruitment, and, instead of hoping to see it better-directed, must console ourselves with hopes that the results will not be so bad as some of us fear.

"WE FORBID THE BANNS!"—Louis Napoleon asks, "Who forbids the banns?" determined upon marrying, and making his bride empress; bone of his bone, and purple of his purple. "Who forbids them?"

"I forbid 'em," growls the Russian bear.

"I forbid 'em—I—I!"—screams the double-headed Austrian Eagle.

"I, too! I, too!"—cries the Eagle of Prussia—"I forbid 'em."

That is, Louis Napoleon may take a wife who shall be Madame Napoleon, even Princess Napoleon—but not empress. And why? Oh, the Bear and the Eagles have parchment warranty. When Napoleon abdicated at Fontainebleau, he surrendered for himself and all of his blood in direct stream or collateral runnings, all right and title to the imperial throne of France. This is a hard historical fact. So much, too, did Napoleon the Great venerate the act of abdication, that, for what is known to the contrary, he may have headed one of his drums on his return from Elba with his parchment copy of the deed. It is, however, certain that he whistled at his promise: the said whistling being echoed by a few hundred thousands of bullets—whistling not at times to be laughed at.

However the quarrel may turn out, we are at least glad that there is a petticoat in it. For it seems that the president would be permitted—France vehemently insisting—to grow into an emperor; but then he must be Emperor Solus. A crowned and anointed Adam in the gardens of the Tuileries with never an Eve; for the stony-hearted Three Powers, like lodging-house landladies nice in furniture, "object to children."

And so it is the old story over again. To make the hubbub complete and universal, there must be—bless her!—a woman. Napoleon Emperor makes Caroline Empress, and millions of swords flash from their scabbards. Now is n't it hard that Napoleon's wedding-cake must be flavored with gunpowder, stuffed with balls, and moulded in a mortar?—*Punch*.

A REVENGEFUL knave will do more than he will say; a grateful one will say more than he will do.

A PRESENTIMENT of coming gladness is the summit of terrestrial felicity.